

THE DAVE THOMAS CASE, A GREAT STORY

MAY, 1904

By HOLMAN F. DAY

10 CENTS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



Frank Benson's "Spring," in the Congressional Library at Washington

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THE MASTERPIECE



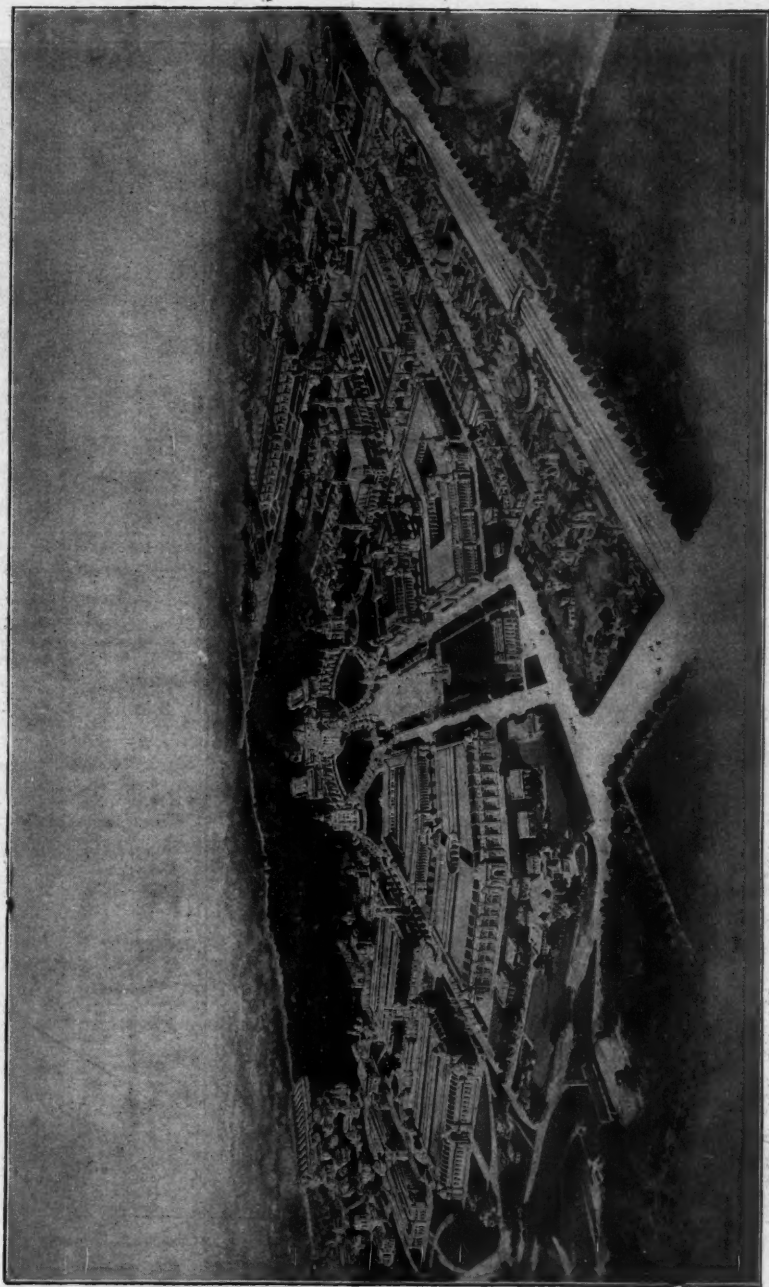
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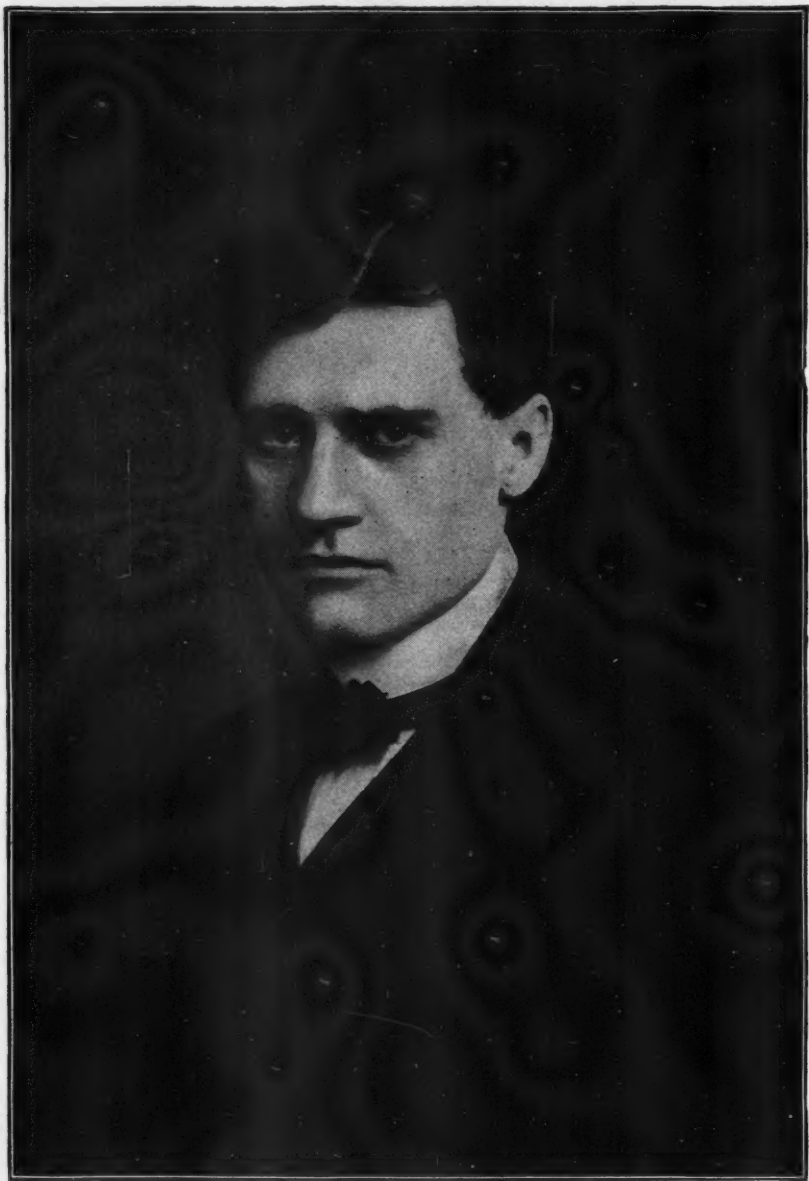
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GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS



MICHAEL A. LANE OF CHICAGO, AUTHOR OF "NEW DAWNS OF KNOWLEDGE." MR. LANE'S EARLIER WORKS, AMONG THEM "THE LEVEL OF SOCIAL MOTION," HAVE GIVEN HIM HIGH RANK AMONG THE FOREMOST BIOLOGISTS AND SOCIAL PHILOSOPHERS OF HIS TIME

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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No. 2.



Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

WITH all the admirable profundity of his learning, the grave dignity of his statesmanlike bearing, and his passionate advocacy of every high moral a better phrase, we term "human nature," than the vigorous and venerable George Frisbie Hoar of Massachusetts. He passes from a shrewd, stern questioning

My Dear Madam:

A friend of mine called my attention to the fact that L'Enfant's grave was unmarked by any monument and sent me your article in the National Magazine. I was much interested in the article and called the matter to the attention of the Committee on Appropriations, and will leave the Magazine with them. I hope they will provide for a proper stone at L'Enfant's grave. I said to the Chairman that, although I had put in \$5,000 as a round sum, I did not think it at all important to have so costly a monument, and that I thought a simple slate stone, such as is found in our old New England burial places, would do very well. I suppose that such a stone, with a suitable inscription, could be procured for a small sum, perhaps for \$150, certainly for not more than four or five hundred dollars.

I am, with high regard, faithfully yours,

Geo F Hoar

SENATOR HOAR'S LETTER CONCERNING A MEMORIAL TO MAJOR L'ENFANT

issue in American politics, there is hardly any other senator who affords so many delightful glimpses of what, for lack of

of presidential motives in regard to the birth of the new Republic of Panama, to a searching and scorching inquiry into

polygamous Mormonism as personified in the hairy and sassy Mr. Smith, president of the Mormon church and self-confessed husband of five wives and father of forty-odd children.

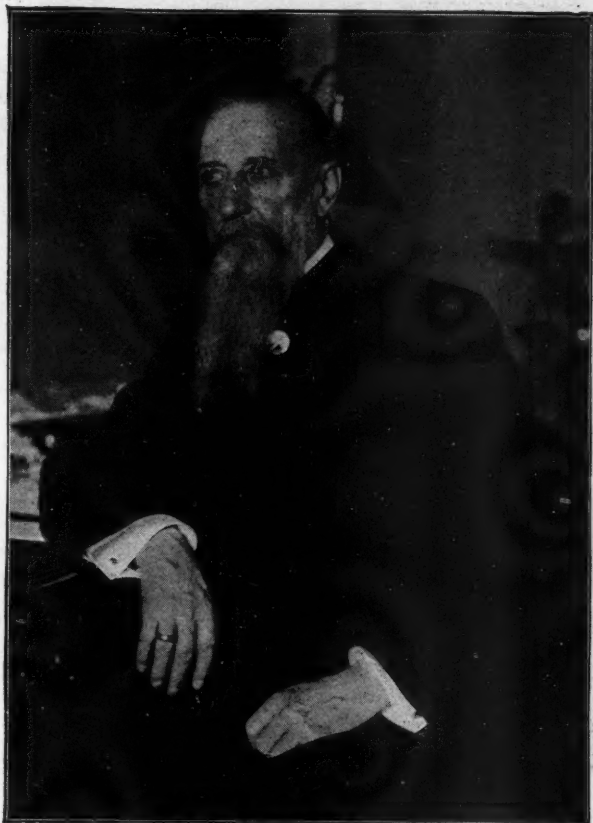
Senator Hoar's gravity is now and then lighted by a flash of fine sweet humor; but there was nothing humorous in the



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SENATOR HOAR ADDRESSING HIS COLLEAGUES

way he exposed the defiant lawlessness of the Mormon leader, summoned before the senate committee trying charges affecting Senator Smoot's fitness to retain his seat. It was a merciless inquisition, in which the witness was speedily reduced from a patronizing and semi-insolent attitude to sheer dogged defiance, after being literally forced by the senator's finesse as a cross examiner to contradict himself repeatedly, exposing the sophistical nature of the "inspired" teachings which he receives from heaven and passes on to his people. It made clear this fact: That whatever may be said of Senator Smoot personally, his associates in the control of the Mormon church, or the chief among them, have been and are living in polygamous relations with their several wives, despite the published edict of the church against such conduct. President Smith even went so far as to declare that national law could not punish him, and as for the law of Utah, he had no fear of that. The ugly and un-American condition revealed by the Smoot inquiry may not result in his ejection from the senate, but it certainly should and will give new force to the demand for the exercise of the nation's authority in blotting out polygamy as practiced under the cloak of the Mormon church.

But Senator Hoar does not give all his attention to moral issues; he feels, as becomes a son of Massachusetts, a proper interest in the paying of due honors to departed citizens who have given distinguished services to the nation. Hence it is not surprising, though it is gratifying, to report that he has taken note of the article in the National Magazine for March, in which attention was directed to the fact that there is no memorial to Major L'Enfant, the French engineer who planned the city of Washington. We print herewith a facsimile of Senator Hoar's letter to Miss Helen Corinne Gillenwater of Washington, the writer of the article. The senator having taken up this matter, it may be deemed sure that the nation's debt of honor due Major



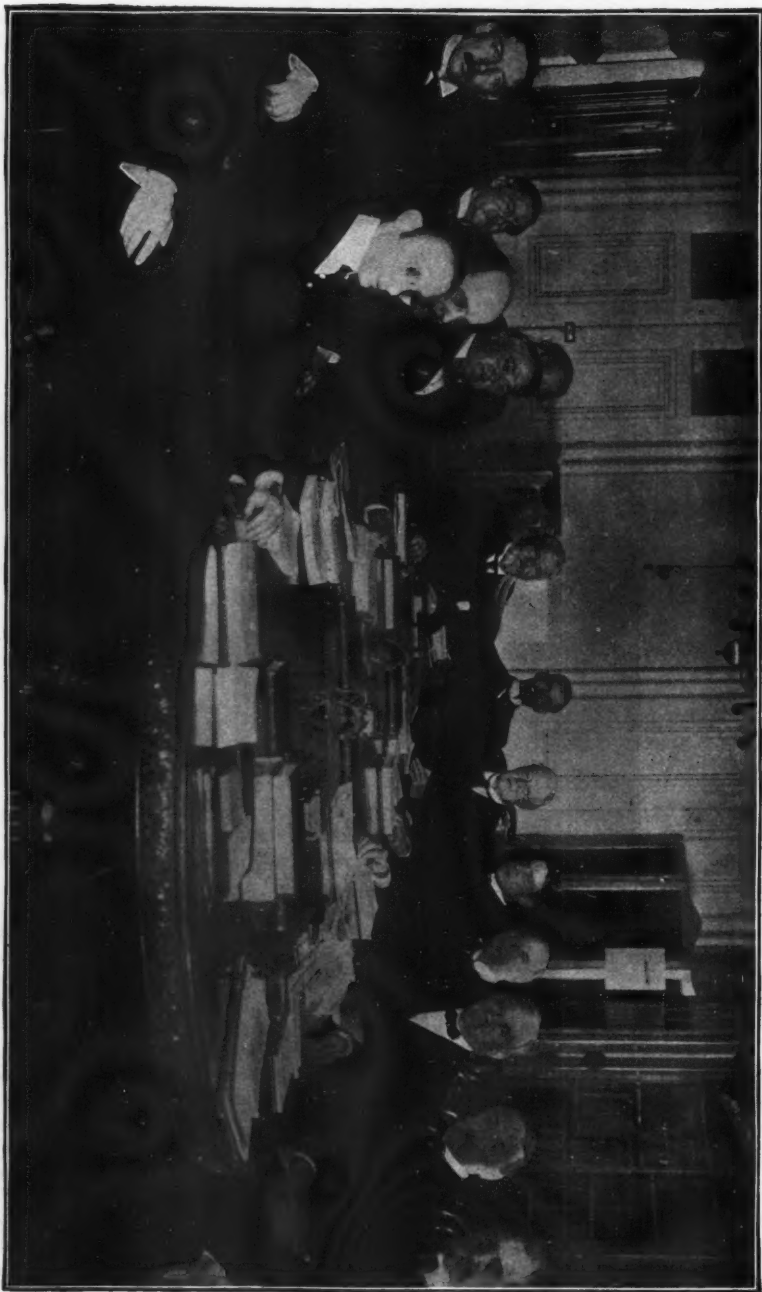
PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST,
LATTER DAY SAINTS: OTHERWISE THE MORMON HIERARCHY

L'Enfant will be discharged fittingly and without more delay.

—
On March 9th Senator Allison celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. What a momentous three-quarters of a century his life embraces. With all the detail and drudgery that a government budget approaching a billion dollars implies, Senator Allison's service to the great corporate interests of Uncle Sam has been unparalleled in all of the gigantic business operations which of recent years have awed the world. No chancellor of the exchequer of any nation has served

longer or more capably and faithfully than has Senator Allison at the head of the committee of appropriations of the United States senate. Administrations have come and passed, but he has remained, serving also at the head of the steering committee, and it would be difficult to calculate the value of his well-poised mind in the deliberations of congress, or the help he has given in keeping the proper ratio between receipts and expenditures.

I have seen him frequently at receptions, sturdy old oak that he is, but early in the evening, as the hour of ten ap-



THE SENATE COMMITTEE TRYING THE SMOOT CASE. BEGINNING AT THE LEFT AND GOING AROUND THE TABLE THE PERSONS IN THE GROUP ARE: ATTORNEYS TAYLOR, WORTHINGTON AND VAN COTT AND SENATORS DUBOIS, OVERMAN, PETTUS, BURNOWS, SMOOT, HOAR, BEVERIDGE, DEPEW, FORAKER, MC COMAS AND DILLINGHAM. THE CASE HAS GONE OVER TO SEPTEMBER.

proached, I noticed him quietly making his way to the cloak room, for he always keeps those safe hours that have helped to conserve his great energies, and that will, I trust, preserve him for many years to come to give his invaluable services to the nation. It is a sight not easily

senate! Their years of service are an asset that is beyond computation in the official inventory of the government.

The hearty and enthusiastic way in which the president enjoyed the opera the evening that "The Bohemian Girl,"



THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF FREIHERR VON DEM BUSSCHE-HADDENHAUSEN, COUNSELOR AND FIRST SECRETARY OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

forgotten to see the senator at his home before his long reading table keeping in touch with all phases of current events, as well as the multitudinous details of appropriation machinery.

All honor to the great heads of the

was given by the Grand English Opera Company, managed by Henry W. Savage, was characteristic of the man. The president and Mrs. Roosevelt were accompanied by Justice and Mrs. Holmes.

The production of the opera that night



HOUSE COMMITTEE ON THE POSTOFFICE INQUIRY, WHICH HAS REPORTED EXONERATING MEMBERS OF WRONG DOING. THE COMMITTEEMEN ARE MESSRS. MCCALL, CHAIRMAN; RICHARDSON, BURTON, MCDERMOTT, HITT, METCALF AND BARTLETT

was peculiarly happy. Every singer was keyed up to the occasion, and the audience itself was eloquent in appreciation and applause, demanding encores not to be refused. The plaintive "You'll Remember Me" caused the young swains to move just a little closer to their companions, while the glistening eyes in the dim auditorium indicated that the heart touch never fails. The cast was well fitted. No one, it seemed to me, could have rendered Arline better than Jean Lane Brooks, daughter of General Brooks of the United States army; and the same might be said of Thaddeus, the Count and Florestine, presented respectively by Joseph F. Sheehan, Wilfred Goff and Charles Fulton.

There was a charm about the whole ensemble, in the elaborate yet tasteful costuming, that made this evening particularly enjoyable. Never for a moment does a production lag in the hands of Mr. Savage's excellent company, and the hearty approbation which their work received from the president, as well as from the great audience, indicated clearly the place that the playhouse occupies in national life. For this brief time at

least the chief executive seemed released from the cares and duties of official life that engross him, and entered as fully into the enjoyment of the hour as the gayest boy in the gallery; and as the audience dispersed with the echoes of Balfe's tuneful opera ringing in their ears it cannot be gainsaid that this opera had done its part in making the world brighter and better.

Mr. Savage's work in the operatic field has made the nation his debtor, and the splendid success he has achieved in producing grand opera in English is well earned. He has brought the best classic music within reach of the masses in a language they understand. He has done much toward the development of American talent. "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Sultan of Sulu," "King Dodo," "Peggy from Paris," "The Yankee Consul," "The County Chairman," and "The Sho-Gun" are all works of American authors.

It was my good fortune to spend a few minutes with Mr. Savage in his private office in New York. He impressed me as a man with "many irons in the fire" and command of them all. Mr. Savage's work shows not only enterprise, but

keen sagacity. He seems to have a system so thoroughly regulated that he can easily keep in touch with all parts of the country. The property man, the costumer, the make-up man—he is familiar with the work of each in detail.

In the waiting room were scores of singers. As I sat waiting I was greeted by a tragedian with long hair, who asked me, "Who are you going out with?" and wound up by inquiring whether I played light or heavy. I tried to give him in response one of those firm jaw-set expressions that would indicate that I was certainly "heavy." Later came a little miss of eighteen years, fresh from the dramatic school, with strong ideas of her mission. In one corner an old veteran of many seasons, a young man fresh from college in another, and between them every shade and grade of dramatic talent. The office is situated in an old

brownstone mansion, and seemed a fitting setting for this group.

The solid preliminary work which Secretary Cortelyou has done in the department of labor and commerce is the admiration of all. With executive ability of a high order, Secretary Cortelyou has equipped a great department of the nation with the celerity that characterizes the pace of the times. The new department has no traditions to bind it, and is therefore modern to the minute.

Not only has Secretary Cortelyou organized his department efficiently, but he has proved a strong addition to the cabinet councils. Like Senator Hanna he has developed, to the great surprise of his friends, a capacity for public speaking, and in a recent address to the National Manufacturers' Association he made use of an epigram which has become al-



THE MEMBERS OF THE PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION—REAR ADMIRAL WALKER, CHAIRMAN; COLONEL FRANK J. HECKER, WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS, B. M. HARROD, GENERAL GEORGE W. DAVIS AND WILLIAM H. BURR—BIG MEN FOR A BIG JOB.

most classic. He insisted that what is most needed is "good markets, good wages and good feeling to insure the permanent

As I was passing out of the executive office with him one day a congressman from New England with a delegation of some forty or fifty business men stopped and introduced him to his party with the characteristic words:



MISS WARREN, DAUGHTER OF THE SENATOR FROM WYOMING.

prowess of the American nation in the commercial world."



SENATOR HANSBROUGH OF SOUTH DAKOTA

"This is Secretary Cortelyou of the department of labor and commerce, who knows just how to do things in the proper way, at the proper time, to bring the proper returns to labor and commerce."

During the early days of February all

the callers at the executive office in Washington stopped to admire the snow fort which had been erected just outside the office by little Archie Roosevelt, son of the president. This was one of the fortifications which did not come under the general rule which requires that no pho-

signs of distrust, of suspicion entertained by one nation toward some other. If all countries were without these fortifications throughout the world, it may be that the warlike spirit would disappear, and the real spirit of the world might awaken in fraternity long looked and hoped for, and that friendly social interchange arise bringing in the

"Parliament of man, the federation of the world."

This point was especially emphasized in the house later in the day, when the fortification bill came up for discussion. If fortifications could be done away with, there would be a possibility of diverting the vast sums of money spent in this way toward something that might be beneficial to the coming generations. But alas, though the snow fort has passed away, the solid fortifications of granite remain with us.



MISS ANNA COCKRELL, DAUGHTER OF THE SENATOR FROM MISSOURI.

tograph or drawing shall be taken of government fortifications.

As I stood contemplating the little white fortress, I could not help thinking that if such evidences of hostility as this little structure typified could be swept from the earth, how much happier all mankind would be. Fortifications are

What a thrill of pride comes over every American as he looks upon the beauties of the Congressional Library at Washington with a feeling that it belongs to our government. All this wealth of books—over 1,000,000 volumes, capacity 4,500,000—the art decorations and statuary are ours, individually as well as collectively. From an appropriation of \$5,000 in 1800 to \$8,000,000 in 1886, has come this unsurpassed library, a fitting monument to the "library age." The bronze Court of Neptune at the entrance has an air of welcome. The paintings and mural decorations are a source of never ceasing pleasure, study and inspiration. The lengthening shadows of the afternoon appeared to play upon the interior with varying shades and colors. As we ascended the Martiny stairway, the majestic beauties of Elihu Vedder's Minerva held the center of the stage. All this wealth of art, the work of American citizens—well, I was proud of my country. In all the art of Europe there is none more historically and monumentally reflective of the times. It is the concrete expression of ideals and ideas in understandable form.

From the gallery we looked down on

the reading room below. There was a hush and quiet that had a touch of Sabbath devotion. Readers, deep in the lore of all ages, were seated at the desks. The shadows were deepening and through the windows below we had looked upon the purple glory of the sky out where the stately column of the Washington Monument loomed white and splendid. A few electric lights were turned on as at the

Gibbons were apparently exchanging historical notes; Plato austere and alone in Grecian mantle had little in common with his philosopher confrere Lord Bacon; Shakespeare, genial and baldheaded as usual; Homer, with a gigantic staff, appeared to be preparing for a scene in the siege of Troy; Solomon, the wise, with his scroll of laws, supports a sword twined with olives not exactly sugges-



ARCHIE ROOSEVELT'S BOMB-PROOF SNOW FORT THAT ADORNED THE WHITE HOUSE YARD IN FEBRUARY

theater, and the great forum below represented a scene not surpassed in any theatrical production. The bronze statues were the players, repeating their lines. Beethoven was telling of his symphony with nervous gesticulations; Fulton was embracing his first steamboat, the Claremont, as a boy would a toy; Columbus was looking straight ahead for more worlds to discover; Herodotus and

tive of appropriation bill activities; Kant, with his commentaries; Newton, reflective of countenance, as if pondering on the fallen apple; Professor Henry with his judicial air and studious attitude, is often mistaken for Patrick Henry, but perhaps it is because he holds the magnet which he discovered: Patrick's magnet is the "liberty or death" speech that every school boy knows by heart.

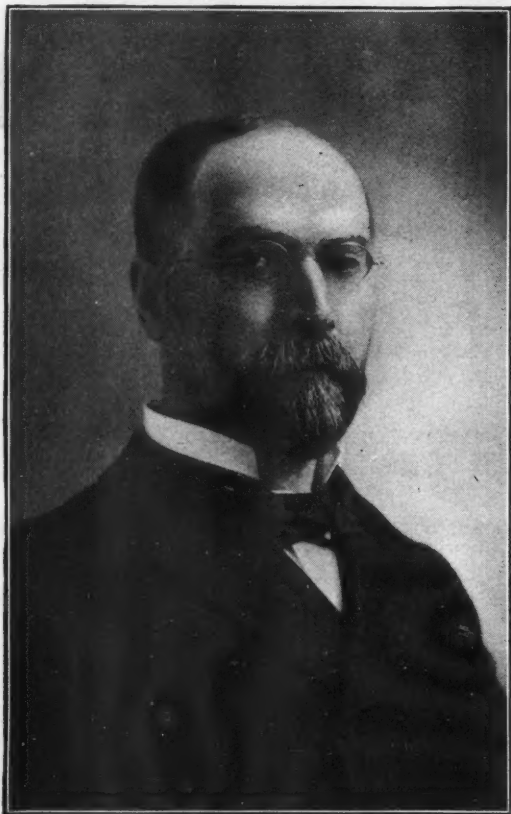


Copyright, 1904, by Arthur Hewitt
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS FOUR SONS—THEODORE, ARCHIBALD, KERMIT AND QUENTIN—PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE BLUE ROOM
OF THE WHITE HOUSE FOR THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

More lights in the dome flash out. We look instinctively for the curtain to rise. The blue of the crown in the center represents "Human Understanding." A woman in the clouds is represented as looking from the fruits in the frescoes below to the Infinite beyond. The

characterization of the face of Abraham Lincoln.

As I sat looking with curious and wondering eyes, I felt as if the Drama of the Ages was reflected in this scene. The silence added a touch of solemnity and reverence to the Genius of the Past, but



REPRESENTATIVE J. T. MCCLEARY OF MINNESOTA, A STRONG, QUIET MEMBER, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AND ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE FRIENDS OF THAT INSTITUTION

"Progress of Civilization" is represented at the base of the dome, a symbol of modern nations and epochs representing the advance of the world. To America is assigned Science, represented by an engineer with book and dynamo, and a clear

it seemed as if every minute I should next hear the stirring songs of the nations break forth in one great psalm of praise to the young nation of the West that had so welded the world's history of centuries into a prologue to the great

achievements of the future.

But that curtain is not yet drawn.

—
The election of Elmer Dover, secretary to the late Senator Hanna, as secretary of the Republican national committee, is a well deserved compliment to a most deserving man. It is a trite saying in Washington that a secretary makes or

so active a man as Senator Hanna. Originally a country newspaperman, he knew just how to meet people in a way to awaken friendly interest. He served in the memorable campaign of 1896 with distinction, and all who know Elmer Dover feel sure that he will win new laurels in the wider fields now opened to him. It is generally acknowledged that



ELMER DOVER, SECRETARY OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

mars his chief, and in all his long service with Senator Hanna there never was an instance of Elmer Dover's being anything but a help to his chief. Always genial and kindly, he seemed to absorb the very nature of the senator he so well represented, and grasped firmly the multifarious details of the work required by

the great success which Perry S. Heath won as secretary to the national committee was due to his wide acquaintance with the people and editors in all parts of the country, and in this respect Mr. Dover is a worthy successor.

—
As I look upon the portraits of the va-

rious officials in the departments at Washington I cannot help thinking of the readers of *The National* and hoping that among them we number many who keep pictures of this kind upon their walls. Usually when a young couple start up housekeeping the political or national ideals of the hour or it may be of a by-gone but unforgotten day, are given a

fluence of these upon the young people growing up in the home is of value. Who has not thronging memories of the pictures seen in childhood? That

"Hour when we look forth to the unknown,

And the advancing day consumes the shadows."

Who does not remember the story of



PRINCE KHILOFF, RUSSIA'S DIRECTOR OF RAILWAYS, WHO IS RUSHING TROOPS EAST OVER THE 6,000-MILE SIBERIAN LINE TO FIGHT THE JAPANESE

prominent place; but by and by, perhaps, the owners slip into a more "fashionable" circle, and other works of art take the place of the old-fashioned favorites—George Washington, Grant, Lincoln. I am not sure that these modern pictures are an improvement even in point of art, but I think every American home should have at least portraits of Washington and Abraham Lincoln. I believe that the in-

the great warrior, oft repeated but never tiresome, that he heard at his mother's knee, and how the young imagination was fired at the great things that had been done by this giant of the past for his native country? This is the way that patriots are made.

—
In the dim corridors of the various departments at Washington one notices the

clerks grown gray in the service. You meet them hurrying hither and thither with bunches of papers, alert and noiseless, like the parts of a machine. As a rule people little realize the hidden but genuine talent that is given to the government by its army of government clerks. It is not a rare thing to find among them men who came there rosy cheeked and young but whose hair is now thickly streaked with the grey of their three-score-and-ten years—still in the government service. It is true that they have fair salaries, and are not often overworked or harrassed by the many money troubles that beset the outside worker, but I think they seldom get credit for the constant service which they give.

In almost every department are to be found men who from memory alone can furnish important details of the great inner working of the government machinery; and how often does the suggestion of a subordinate convey to the mind of a superior in the department some idea which he afterwards amplifies for the general good? I think it is not thoroughly understood how indissolubly correlated are all parts of the government machinery, and that no great man stands alone for any of his achievements, nor could he accomplish them without the aid of his subordinates.

It is the chief who best appreciates and utilizes these loyal and quiet forces that achieves the highest results, and it is probably well that the heads of departments change, bringing into play new ideas and better capacity for using this great latent intelligence that is concentrated within the ranks of clerkships in Washington.

It is safe to say that no government in the world has in its service so high an average of intelligence as has the United States of America, and it will be unfortunate indeed if the time ever comes when the ranks of the clerkships in Washington cannot be recruited from all parts of the country. However excellent a system of civil service we may have it will be a sorry day for the country if it is al-

lowed to interfere with the bringing together of these vital forces from every state for a clerk in Washington never forgets his home state. If he started out



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JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, DEMOCRATIC FLOOR LEADER, DECLARES THE REPUBLICANS DON'T DARE TAKE THE LID OFF THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT AND LET HIM HAVE A LOOK.

a boy from Massachusetts fifty years ago, or from Iowa, then he is from Massachusetts or Iowa still. If he came from Texas, he is now as much a Texan as ever.

THE RISING TIDE OF PRESIDENTIAL YEAR

By FRANK PUTNAM



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SENATOR "JOE" BAILEY OF TEXAS, WHO WOULD BE FIRST CLASS PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER BUT FOR THE STALE SUPERSTITION THAT PRESIDENTS MUST NOT BE TAKEN FROM THE SOUTH.

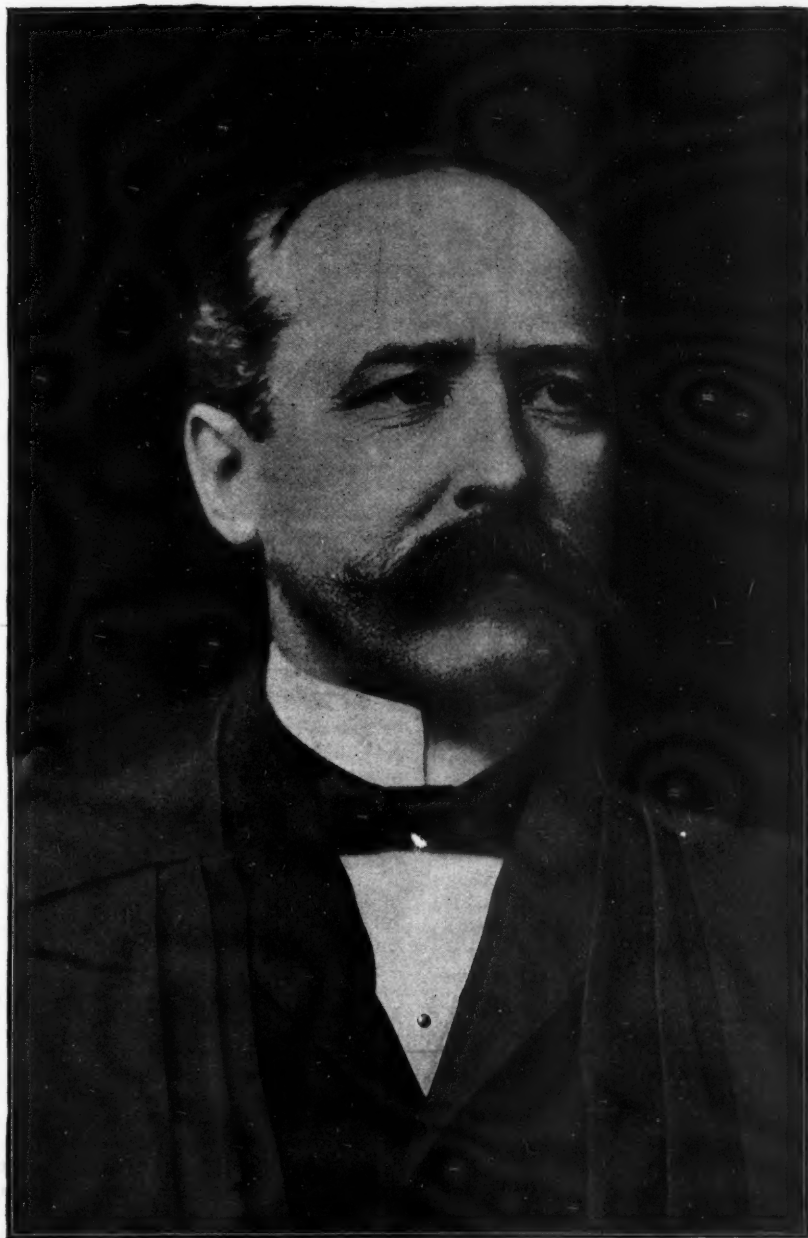
ONCE in four years the scientist peers near-sightedly out of his laboratory, the businessman permits himself to be enrolled in a ward club, the farmer stops to discuss with his neighbor, across the line fence, the candidates for the presidency, and even the painter and the poet become vaguely conscious of some new breath of excitement in the air.

The average country man, no less than his city brother, and the women, too, follow in their daily newspapers the serial story of campaign plans, maneuvers, schemes. This year they hear as of old that New York's electoral vote is deemed essential to success, by both par-

ties. They see President Roosevelt of New York already as good as nominated by the republicans. And the only democratic candidates who seem to have much following thus far are also New Yorkers. Judge Parker, saying nothing for print, seems to have satisfied the so-called conservatives that if elected to the presidency he would not disturb present conditions to any great extent. Mr. Hearst, on the other hand, gives daily evidence, by word and deed, that he would disturb present conditions to a very great extent if he should reach the White House. He has given the hard coal trust a black eye, and declares his purpose, with or without the help of the United States attorney general's office, to prosecute and break up the meat trust, the Standard Oil trust and all other combinations that have monopolies under which they can and do overcharge the general public that must buy their goods. This is a big job, but if any man can do it, Mr. Hearst is that man.

This reminds me that the Springfield Republican, a few days ago, discussing Mr. Hearst's successful suit against the coal trust, praised the deed but damned the doer. It suggested to its readers that here was a new field for philanthropy—in the enforcement of the laws against the thieving trusts. But it was pained that the discovery of this new philanthropy had been made by Mr. Hearst. It was really too bad that a "decent millionaire" hadn't done it first. After that, I no longer doubt the story of the Massachusetts young woman who refused to be saved from drowning by a man to whom she had not been introduced. And I should not be surprised to learn that the young woman is writing the Republican's editorials.

As might be expected, the trusts and all their organs and agencies are doing all they can to discredit Mr. Hearst as a presidential candidate. They say he liked the ladies in his salad days. Maybe



JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER OF NEW YORK, THE APPARENT CHOICE OF THE SO-CALLED CONSERVATIVE DEMOCRATS TO BEAT MR. HEARST IN THE NATIONAL CONVENTION



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, PUBLISHER AND PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE—SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY V. FLOYD CAMPBELL

so, maybe so. The same charge was made against Grover Cleveland, whose friends murmured something about "the indiscretions of youth" in explanation of events alleged to have taken place when Grover was forty-odd years old. And I never was able to figure out in my own

mind whether Grover's triumphant election was due to the prevalence of what one might call a fellow-feeling, or to a resentment against the offering of personal charges in a campaign of national political issues. Anyway, this talk about "the unspeakable Hearst" does the talk-

ers more harm than it does Hearst. It stamps them either venomous or "sissy."

Hearst is just above forty years old, he is putting all his force of talent and money into really democratic public service, and the suggestion that there is any impropriety in his aspiring to the presidency is sheer damfoolishness. About the first thing American boys are taught in school is that any one of them can be president, if he tries hard enough. And I am frank to say that I like Hearst's way of going at it. He has studied to learn what the largest number of the people want done, and then set out to get that thing done. If the people don't like his style, they won't elect him: if they do, all the kept-editors and trust lawyers and sentimental sissies the "conservatives" can line up can't beat him. The talk about his trying to buy a nomination is rot. In every political campaign there are honest expenses to be met. Some candidates allow their managers to sponge on rich corporations for cash to foot the campaign bills. This puts the candidate in debt to Tom, Dick and Harry of the crowd that profit by special legislation of one sort or another. If Hearst proposes to pay his own way, asking no favors of the trusts and their kind, why, he won't be under any obligations to them in case he gets elected. And he shouldn't be, nor should any president. Roosevelt's independence is what mainly has endeared him to the people.

From my point of view, the signs of this presidential year are bad for the trusts. Their best hope is in the election of a "conservative" democrat—a Cleveland or a Parker or a Gorman: in short, a man they can control.

In presidential years state campaigns assume a national importance. State chairmen are selected with more than usual care and the fight between the two great opposing parties is hotter all along the line. For example, in New York state the governor, B. B. Odell, Jr., has had himself elected chairman of the republican state committee. His friends

say he has done this because he believes he is the best campaign manager in the party. Some of the president's friends are not so sure of the wisdom of it all. They fear that Odell, in his enthusiasm and pride of power, has taken a step that may "queer" his party. Most people have an idea that a governor or a president is elected to represent and serve ALL THE PEOPLE, impartially. When they see a governor discard this idea, and openly give his time and power to serving only part of the people, they may easily decide that he is not the kind of governor they want.

But the best news of all comes from Chicago. The people of that city, by a vote of more than two to one, have given their mayor and council a mandate to proceed, under a new state law, to make the Chicago street railway lines public property. Chicago seems destined to lead other great American cities in public ownership of her tram cars. English cities of the first class have done it and turned big profits into the public treasury after giving an improved service and raising wages of the employees. Some time the people of all our big cities will tire of pooling nickles to make millionaires and will pool them to reduce taxes, get public improvements and do away with car strikes. Chicago was wonderfully lucky in getting the half-million highly intelligent German immigrants that now hold the balance in her politics. These citizens have kept Mayor Harrison in office term after term, simply and solely because he fought the people's fight against the street railway companies.

Typical instance: Waterloo, Iowa, 18,000 inhabitants, rich, intelligent, reverencing PROPERTY RIGHTS, has been drinking typhoid-infected water supplied by a prosperous private company. Natural result, a long death-roll. No vigilance committee. Not even legal prosecutions. People still drinking bad water—boiled. No PUBLIC works — no SOCIALISM — for them!

Moral: We get what we deserve.

BOOKS OF THE OPEN AIR

By KATE SANBORN

AUTHOR OF "THE SUNSHINE CALENDAR"



MRS. OLIVE THORNE MILLER, AUTHOR OF
"WITH THE BIRDS IN MAINE"

IF it were not raining, and muddy outside, nothing could keep me from shaking hands with Nature, romping with my dogs and listening to the birds. Now as I must keep indoors, the next best thing is to talk about Nature and see what is being said in her praise. All true poets must sing in Spring, to say nothing of the distressing would-bes and think-they-ares.

Ella Higginson has the real poetic inspiration and her "Voice of April-Land" has many loving tributes to Spring. April seems her favorite month, and is not this gracefully expressed?

"Thou dear coquette! A tear, a frown,
Dark lashes drooping shyly down
To bid one hope the while he fears,
Then sudden laughter thro thy tears;
May all thy sweethearts now take care,
And of thy ravishments beware.

"Ah, May is fair, and June is sweet,
And August comes with loitering feet;
July's the maid to lie and dream,
Beside some blue and lilled stream;

But April's sweetheart never yet
Could her tear-mingled smiles forget."

And in her "Midwinter Dream" it is April:

"Did a robin call
From the alder tall?
Oh, listen. . . Hush. . .
Did I hear a thrush?
And the gray wood thro,
Did I catch the blue
Of a bluebird's wing
As he paused to sing?
(Or do I dream?)

And trembling and high
Did a voice go by,
Sweet, lyrical, pure,
With a thrill and a lure?
Did it rise and fall,
Flutelike and call,
'Oh, waken and sing,
I am Spring, I am Spring!
(Or do I dream?)"

"The Rose of Day" is a new and artistic comparison, and deserves quoting:

"The day is opening like a rose,
Petal on petal backward curled,
Till all its beauty burns and glows,
And all its fragrance is unfurled.

"The day is dying like a rose,
Soft leaf on leaf dropped down the sky
To gulfs of beauty where repose
The souls of exquisite things that die."

But "In Bloom-Time" must be May.
I give only the first verse:

"The silver buds are on the fir,
The sweet is on the balm,
The orchards blossom white and slow,
And through the scented calm
The wild thrush-poet lifts to God
His pure and lyric psalm."

Mrs. Higginson's prose is as good in its way as her poetry, and her stories "Marjella of Out West" and "From the Land of

the Snow Pearls" are strong, fresh and vivid. (Macmillan Co., New York.)

Professor George E. Woodberry, late of Columbia College, a most beloved instructor and revered friend to hundreds of young students at Columbia, and whose recent resignation caused such sincere regret, has now collected all of his published poems from boyhood days. He says:

"I drank at dawn the Muses' breath;
In boyhood's blossom and flood
I bit the laurel; I know till death
Its poison will flow in my blood.
Into my speech a glory slips;
A throbbing pains my side;
One is the breath of the Muses' lips;
One is the laurel—woe betide!"

I'm thankful I have not the consuming desire to make my thoughts harness themselves into metre. It causes too much suffering to the possessed ones and those who are obliged to peruse their egotistic lucubrations regarding their loves, their longing for more love, their ecstasies over Nature, who is in deep sympathy with their varying moods. To me, simple and normal, a throbbing pain inside would suggest pleurisy on the left and cause a scare about appendicitis on the right side.

Mr. Woodberry stands well as a poet, but while I learn much from his "Es-says," his verse seldom appeals to me. I find little that will sink into the heart and sing itself into Memory's cells. But he is sincere, scholarly, classic, and you see the boy, the student, the nature lover, the traveller, the appreciative friend, who in his elegies and eulogies is eloquent but never fulsome. But being only an ordinary "party" he makes me a bit hypercritical, and when he says of Emerson

"thus did his earth absorb
The eternal ray, and new enorb
The star of time"—

I repeat "enorb" and give a low whistle. And he tells us, of a young friend who died before his prime, that

"Stars of gladness, washed in northern
foam

His boyhood's heaven upclomb."

I repeat "upclomb" and don't know whether that unusual word is to be found in the dictionary among the obsoletes or is a poetic license. And would you think that these words, "And nought is there to see save the mellow emerald's bright, deep foliaged lucidity," could be put into three lines and called poetry? He has a bad trick of repeating a refrain till to common mortals it becomes fairly comical, even in a tragic requiem, as:

"O dream God dreamt ere the morning
woke
Or ever the stars sang out;
O glory diviner than ever broke,
Of the false, false dawn the shout!
False dawn, false dawn, false dawn—
Alas, when God shall wake!
False dawn, false dawn, false dawn—
Alas, our young mistake!
False dawn, false dawn, false dawn—
O heart betrayed, break, break!"

Now I read in the Holy Scriptures that the eternal God "never slumbers nor sleeps." How then can He either dream or wake? And how can a glory "break," or "shout," previous to its break? And the reiteration of "false dawn" makes even my "Underwood" dizzy! I should have to answer, "Unprepared, sir," if asked to explain that verse; but when he asks, "O Norns, is the heart of a boy God's lie?" I shout emphatically "No!"

With humble apologies to the learned author and to the Macmillan Co., who publish all of his volumes,

Besides, who would pay the least attention to my opinion when, as I confessed, I have never known the "divine afflatus," never felt like a "Pythoress possess," never wooed or was wooed by a single Muse of all the tuneless nine?

So, let me turn to gardens and books on Nature. For now's the time, and high time, to prepare a garden, however large or small, for your own delight and to give pleasure to your friends. There are

books galore to advise and guide you. Go into any large bookstore in any of our great cities and inquire for such books, and you will be led to a counter specially devoted to this charming theme. All authors, who have praised gardens, from Bacon, (or shall I say Plato) down to dear "Elizabeth," and all who, inspired by her success, have described their own gardens, husband, babies and guests. From the formal, elaborate, stately, regal gardens—sunken, terraced, with pergolas, topiary chef d'œuvres (usually bizarre monstrosities, don't yew think?) and sundials set in impressive architecture through the many grades, until you get down to the most practical talks about hardy perennials, raising vegetables; or the handkerchief garden on the intensive plan.

By the way, I have a new and original motto for a sun dial from a thoughtful friend and I'm glad to share it with the National's "standbys," "Without shadows no progress." Brief, but full of meaning, and suggesting many thoughts.

Nature study is most interesting and it is cheering to read that now poor children are given a chance at that in their vacation schools. Maude Going, in her book "With the Trees" says: "Instructors are giving foremost place to nature study and applied science and are disposed to slight the Latin, Greek and history, which used to take up so much time." Her chapter on "When the Sap Stirs" is a liberal education to one who longs to know about this mysterious awakening, after the light slumber of winter. Apropos is that half savage verse of Bliss Carman's—

"Make me Oaf or make me Human,
Make me Man, or make me Woman,
Make me anything but Neuter,
When the sap begins to stir."

Miss Going has written "With the Wild Flowers, a Rural Chronicle of our Floral Friends and Foes, Under Familiar English Names." Also "Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers," with chapters on grasses, sedges and ferns: all published by the Baker and Taylor Co., New York.

Professor L. H. Bailey of Cornell University and editor of *Country Life in America*, which no nature-loving family can afford to be without, has done much to help the amateur gardener and save him a lot of expensive and mortifying mistakes. In one of his numerous handbooks, he says: "Nature study is not science: it concerns the child's outlook on the world: a reaction from the dry-as-dust science teaching. Nature study is studying things and the reason of things: not about things. Here is a drawing of a model flower; the old method says: 'Go and find the nearest approach to it.' Go and find a flower, is the true method, and let us see what it is. Best of all for nature study is a brook. Next, a fence corner or a bird, or a plant. No two objects are alike. Those children who are trained in school gardens, when grown up will spiritualize agriculture. A plant in the room on wash-day is worth more than a bunch of flowers on Sunday."

All that is grand; but I cannot subscribe to his statement that "Things were not made either to be analyzed or collected."

He says much of nature study now is only diluted and sugar-coated science: some of it mere sentimentalism. No one should teach nature study unless they love it and must teach it."

John Lane, the publisher of so many fine English books at the sign of the Bodley Head, New York City, assures us that Pan is not dead, but is as fully alive as ever in the humming of the bees, the murmuring of the winds, the dancing waves, and the piping of the birds. Still some of us need to be shown the way to find him and Mr. Lane has provided a series of country handbooks suitable for the pocket or knapsack. He also offers handbooks of practical gardening, adding a book all about garden furniture and a half dozen handsomely illustrated volumes regarding gardens here, there and everywhere.

Charles Goodrich Whiting's "Walks in New England" may be the book you are looking for. Stories and poems descrip-

tive of nature and her seasons. Illustrated with twenty-four photographs taken by an expert.

Scribner's "Outdoor books" are most delightful and from men and women peculiarly qualified by natural tastes and long study to instruct others. Their Garden books are of all kinds, from elaborate to simple. "The Flower Garden: A Handbook of Practical Gardening," by Ida D. Bennett, is pronounced the best book on practical gardening that has appeared. McClure, Phillips & Co. publish it.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, offer "A Guide to the Birds," by Ralph Hoffman, treating of 250 land and water species of New England and western New York.

Olive Thorne Miller, same publishers, has been "With the Birds in Maine." She gets personally acquainted with her feathered friends, loving them as well as she understands them. Scientific? Not tediously so, yet ever a thorough student, fully equipped for her pleasant profession. This is her ninth book on her one theme: this time it is the Summer birds on the Maine coast.

To show the difference between the ignorant on these matters, and one whose eyes and ears are carefully trained, I will own that when visiting friends in Deerfield, Massachusetts, I said carelessly: "You don't seem to have many birds here." My hostess smiled kindly and remarked: "Mrs. Miller, who has just left us, counted thirty-seven distinct varieties in our trees."

She finds the life of a nestling most interesting and has an intimate knowledge of their baby ways, finding them quite individual and distinct. "The robin baby is a masterful fellow, demanding to be fed and comforted, while the Baltimore oriole baby cries constantly in a hopeless sort of a way, for days after it has left the nest. The bluebird baby is a darling, with a little speckled bib and the sweetest of voices; the catbird baby is graceful and shy, but not a bit afraid of one," and she minutely describes many others. She scouts the idea that each kind of bird has

but one song, as Dr. Holland maintained—

"The robin repeats his two musical notes,
The meadow-lark sings his one refrain,
And steadily over and over again
The same song swells from a hundred throats,
Each sings its word or its phrase, and then,
It has nothing further to sing or say"

She affirms that very rarely indeed, does a bird repeat exactly the notes of another of his family, and she has heard strange new turns and strange new songs and rarely do two robins arrange their simple notes in the same way.

She speaks of the whisper song; of a dreamy, rapturous quality, addressed neither to his mate nor the world at large, but simply a soliloquy, an irresponsible bubbling over of the joy of life. The flight song is still more rare. Mrs. Miller believes that a bird has to learn his song: that it does not come by nature and it is a fact that birds reared away from their kind learn the song of whoever happens to be their neighbor. And, moreover, a bird brought up alone makes up his own song; a pet catbird learning several phrases of the human language. An adult bird in a cage will imitate the song of a bird near it. The popular belief in blind instinct is fast diminishing. In that fascinating book, "A Hermit and his Wild Friends," the hermit proves that some of the birds of the Thrush family have regular singing classes for their young, repeating one note over and over till it is correctly learned.

Mrs. Miller always travels the straight turnpike road of absolute truth, never lured into the seductive by-ways of sentimentalism or imagination. I regret John Burroughs' attitude toward the new school of students of nature: it is belittling to sneer publicly at those who happen to note what may have escaped him.

Do you ever have a wild longing to get out into the open and rough it? Then

read "Camp Life in the Woods," by W. H. Gibson, full of wood ways and crammed with valuable information. (Harper & Bros.). Or "The Forest," by Stewart Edward White, a newer book, and perfectly trustworthy and delightful,

The pictures too are good. No outs in this dear book except out-doors and out in the wilderness and woods. (The Outlook Co., New York.).

I have reserved for the last page the



PROFESSOR SCOTT AND HIS BIRDS IN HIS PRINCETON WORKSHOP

chock full of facts and fancy, most sensible advice and truly poetical prose, interesting stories all given in an off-hand, con amore style that makes every reader want at least some of his experiences.

greatest treasure of the entire number, and advise every one who loves birds, dogs and animals in general and would like to know the woods and waters of Florida without the trouble of exploring

for one's self to buy at once "The Story of a Bird Lover," by William Earle Dodge Scott, now curator of the department of ornithology in Princeton university, one of the foremost experts in America as regards the life and habits of birds, and who has established, "so to speak, personal relationship with the whole bird kingdom." The photograph or frontispiece shows Mr. Scott in a room in his laboratory, forming part of his own house, where in six rooms five hundred birds, native and foreign, not only live but feel at home and are perfectly happy. "A kindly relation with live creatures" is the keynote of his work and life, and positively I want to quote the book entire. He says: "You should be so attentive to birds you mean to study as to know them by their faces." He tells marvellous anecdotes of wise dogs; of a foundling fawn which, brought up by hand and protected by a bell around its neck, was as tame as a cat and would actually lie down on the sofa for a nap and allow a tyrannical little squirrel to nestle in his warm hair and bully and nip him into keeping quiet. This home-bred deer would go off

on wild escapades with the hunting dogs, and Bull, the mastiff, which had been trained to catch and hold down crippled deer till the hunters came up, was his greatest chum and playmate. O it is grand, this story!

After speaking of vast piles of decaying carcasses of the herons slain for their plumes and the thousands of young birds left to starve, all for the sake of securing the plumes for women's hats, Mr. Scott says: "I wish clearly to emphasize the fact that I do not blame the women who use these decorations, for men are the responsible parties. No woman ever wore a decoration of any kind, much less the feather of a bird, for her own pleasure, or to attract the attention of other women. The object for which women wear decorations is to enhance their attractiveness and beauty to men, not to themselves, or to each other: And as long as men care to have women's hats decorated with feathers and express their approval by admiration bestowed, just so long will the custom endure."

Does Mr. Scott know women as well as he does birds?

THE HOUR OF HER CONSECRATION



Photograph by G. H. Meek, Fostoria, Ohio

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AS SOVEREIGN AND MAN

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY," ETC.

THE German emperor is today the most popular as well as the most picturesque monarch on any throne. He still goes by the nick-name of the "Young Emperor," albeit he has ruled as many years as would make four terms in the White House. It is a tribute to his energy and the enthusiastic nature of his impulses that in the popular imagination he is credited with the qualities of one who is young in spirit if not in years.

His accession to the throne (in 1888) was greeted by his own subjects no less than by the world at large as a mild calamity; and writers of some authority predicted that he would not rest content until he had embroiled Europe in war.

On his accession I ventured to differ with those illustrious prophets of evil and recorded the opinion that he was likely to be the most remarkable German sovereign since Frederick the Great; and should William II die tomorrow I venture to think that History will vindicate his right to that title.

A MILITARY CONTRAST

It must be a superficial traveler indeed who can travel Germany today, compare it with the Germany of 1888 and not be struck on every hand by improvements closely related to the personal influence of the present emperor. We naturally turn first to military affairs, and are not surprised to find that his army today is in a state of readiness surpassing that of any other—save possibly that of Japan. Russia cannot do in the field what she professes on paper—nor can England—much less our own war department. We have allowed political considerations to exert so much influence upon our army that should we have a war on our hands tomorrow we should find that nearly all the important posts are in the hands of political men who know little of soldiering beyond drawing pay and devising new

uniforms for the staff. We might as well be honest about our own affairs and recognize the fact that our army is rotten at the top; that our real soldiers, our graduates of West Point, the men who bear the brunt of our fighting, are systematically ignored by military figure-heads in favor of those who through personal or political time-serving have attracted favorable notice in Washington. This is the case to a much less degree in England. In Germany it is almost eliminated.

I have watched the successive field operations of the German army for the last twenty years with much interest—and now and then have had opportunity to compare them with those of Russia, Austria, France—and from personal observation I am inclined to think that even Moltke would be satisfied could he reappear for an inspection of the war machine of William II.

HIS VERY GOOD NAVY

As for the German navy, it is ton for ton as good as discipline, good ships, honest administration and technical training can make it. I doubt if any ships in our service or that of England could show better boat drill, torpedo squadron drill, the debarkation of troops and putting them ashore in good order, in short the many manoeuvres that depend upon careful drilling in time of peace. What her navy could do in war cannot yet be determined. We know that English speaking people fight much better in real action than they do in make-believe manoeuvres. Our people have been tested over and over again—they don't require much drilling to keep them at their guns. Indeed the hardest work our officers have is to draw them off when the fight is over. I recall the first action of the Spanish war, when a hundred men of the First United States infantry (reg-



THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN THE UNIFORM OF THE "DEATH'S HEAD" REGIMENT.
HIS HEALTH HAS BEEN BAD OF LATE AND SOME ALARM
HAS BEEN FELT AT BERLIN

ulars) commanded for the most part by young West Pointers, were landed near Cabanas and stumbled upon a force of some 2,000 Spaniards. Our men acted as coolly as though on a military picnic—engaged the enemy in what appeared to be a forlorn cause—fought him from tree to tree—routed him and then returned to the transport in perfect order—the only casualty being one newspaper

correspondent threaded through the arm by a Mauser bullet. Not a man showed the slightest restlessness—Captain (now Colonel) Dorst, who commanded, walked about giving his orders as quietly as though whispering to a football eleven; there was no declamation—no oratory about doing and dying—merely soldier work.

I doubt if German soldiers or sailors

could average as well as ours in time of war. They do splendidly in time of peace, but for war the country needs men who love fighting for the sake of the fight. The German system drafts the whole population—we draft only those who want to fight—there is the difference.

In the German army as well as navy I have seen officers slap their men on the side of the face—we don't do that. Indeed, an officer who should do that in England or America would probably get shot by accident. From our standpoint the private who allows himself to be cuffed is not the best sort of soldier stuff.

As a war lord William II is almost ideal. He knows his work thoroughly; can take command in the conning tower of a battleship as well as at the head of an army corps, and has managed to inspire his fighting forces no less than the people at large with confidence in his capacity as commander in chief in the event of war.

The secret of his great power in this field is that he knows personally nearly every one in command of a regiment or a gunboat—he is a good judge of character—he has a high sense of duty—and thus is constantly selecting the best men and retiring those who become old or worthless.

A PEACE LORD, TOO

From William the War Lord to William the Monarch of Peace and Industry is a short step. Never in German History has a ruler taken so intelligent and keen an interest in the material resources of a country. No keel is laid in a German shipyard but the Emperor enquires about it, and very often makes personal inspection. I am sure that I am within the mark when saying that he knows the tonnage, horsepower, capacity and speed of ships in and out of Germany to a greater extent than any of his subjects outside of shipping circles. He knows the lines of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg Amerika as he does the ironclads of his navy. We accept this nowadays as a matter of course, but we must measure his services by comparing them with those of his predecessors who practically

took no interest whatever in anything outside of the usual courtly occupation.

In railway construction and equipment the master mind of Germany is William II. It is he who has revolutionized railway travel in Europe. When his officials sought to economize by persisting in using the former light rails and flimsy locomotives, he insisted upon heavy rails and the best rolling stock. In his varied travels he saw the best and convinced himself that in the long run the fast and heavy trains are the most paying ones. Today traveling in Germany is much in advance of what it is anywhere else in Europe—the German has no longer anything to learn from England in this field. The trains that connect the German capital with the chief cities such as Munich, Cologne and Frankfurt, are models of comfort, run with great speed and punctuality and give more for the money than any other service in Europe.

He has a love for machinery and therefore is constantly enquiring into new methods of manufacture—he always lends a sympathetic ear to those who come to him with a project for improving the means of competing more successfully with other countries.

WHERE GERMANY LEADS US

He has plenty of political enemies—notably amongst the Poles and socialists, but this hostility is not very deep. He has said hard things against Socialists—has even referred to them as lacking in patriotism—and yet has advocated and made possible many social reforms which fifty years ago were deemed utopian.

Today the lot of the laboring man in Germany is in many respects better than that of ours. The German state recognizes the right of every man to live—we do not. When the German laborer becomes old or feeble the state pensions him honorably. In Germany the laboring man can ride on the electric cars for two cents—we pay five. German cities have public baths, public laundry establishments, big parks, free concerts and many other features which soften poverty—although it may not remove it.

NO ROOM FOR TRAMPS

The corollary to this is that the emperor permits no tramps to terrorize his highways. The police is organized for rural patrol as well as city work, and every loafer is stopped and made to give an account of himself. In England vagrancy has been a public nuisance for generations—with us it has become of late years almost a public danger. Germany has no tramps. The man who is without work in Germany finds no inducement to remain idle. A paternal government sets him to such hard work that the would-be unemployed finds it decidedly to his interest to seek some other employer as soon as possible.

When we speak of the glorious reign of Victoria it is only by a stretch of courtesy that we associate her individually with the great strides which England made under her. But in Germany the person of the present emperor has a wider significance. At any moment in these past fifteen years he might have made a war—and one highly popular with his people. Shortly after his accession a war with Russia could have been easily provoked and would have enlisted all those who felt with him that the treatment of the German provinces of Russia was an outrage upon the German national spirit. He and he alone prevented war then, and he did so from motives of piety towards his illustrious grandfather, William I, who had, on his death bed, recommended him on no account to quarrel with Russia.

Since the Jameson raid there has been great friction between Germany and England. The emperor unwittingly did much to provoke this (in 1896) by cabling to President Kruger a message which the Boers construed into an offer of assistance. But so far as acts go, the conduct of William II has been thoroughly correct. While his papers were publishing the grossest calumnies against Englishmen and urging the government to war, he himself entertained his English friends as cordially as ever.

DESIRES OUR FRIENDSHIP

With the United States the circum-

stances were somewhat analogous. During the Spanish war the German press could not find words foul enough with which to describe us; German warships at Manila did what they could to annoy Admiral Dewey, and it looked in the Far East as though at one time official Germany was about to join with Spain in that quarrel. Yet so far as the person of the emperor was concerned nothing could have been more admirable. Our ambassador in Berlin was treated with high consideration; American visitors to Germany were singled out for invitation to court; and to cap all, a yacht was ordered for imperial use, to be built in a New York yard, to be named by the daughter of our president. The launch brought to our shores the emperor's own brother, the popular Prince Henry—bearing a message of peace and good will from the throne if not from the people of Germany.

To one who has been much in Germany during the last generation it is interesting to trace the growing popularity of this monarch amongst all classes. Even in Bavaria he is admired, albeit the admiration is tempered by a certain amount of dread. He is of course abundantly criticised, and the comic papers are ever challenging the censor by cracking jokes which smack of lese majeste. But in spite of it all, William II is essentially a popular ruler. During this past winter he survived a dangerous operation and this was the occasion for such an outburst of patriotic congratulation as had not greeted him ever before. He is now not merely the emperor of the young, the impulsive, the warlike, but he has earned the respect of the sober, middle class—the merchants, the manufacturers, the people who wish peace and security rather than noisy glory and uncertainty.

THE REALLY GREAT WILLIAM

William I is now officially called William the Great, but his greatness is mainly official. When he had already passed his fiftieth year he was so cordially hated by his own people that he had to take refuge in England for fear that the Berlin mob would do him physical harm. Dur-

ing his reign there occurred three wars, culminating in the empire proclaimed (in 1871) at Versailles. In his old age the people spoke of him with veneration. He lived so long that legends clustered about him—and when he died it was thought that any successor must suffer sadly by comparison. William II has succeeded to this legendary magnitude—has dismissed Bismarck, whom Germans regarded as the pillar of Germany's greatness; has moved forward with his people; has made

mistakes like other mortals, but has corrected them so quickly that many did not even suspect them.

Had I the renaming of the Hohenzollerns I would not name the first William "Great"—William the Warlike fits him better. The present William also is warlike, but he is much more besides. He has sacrificed military glory to his sense of duty.

The reason we love Roosevelt is because he is so much like William II.

PLUM BLOSSOMS

By OSCAR JOHNSON

NOW the plum trees, white with bloom,

Fill the air with sweet perfume;

Whispering breezes, breathing soft,

Stir the bloomy boughs, and waft

Sweetest fragrance in the air,

And the petals, white and fair,

Loosened by soft winds that pass,

Float like flakes of scented snow

Silent to the ground below,

Whitening the soft green grass.

Tropic isles of spice and palm,

Where is endless summer heat,

And where skies are fair and calm,

Never filled the roving breeze

As it sped o'er southern seas

With a scent more softly sweet

Than the delicate perfume

Of the plum tree's snowy bloom.

Busily the honey bees

Toil among the blooming trees,

Feasting in sweet scented bowers

On the fair and snowy flowers;

Softly humming as they creep

O'er the petals, crawling deep

Into each fresh blossom-cup,

And, soon after, bringing up

Treasure which they full well know

Gleaned there, although hid from view.

In the meantime light winds pass

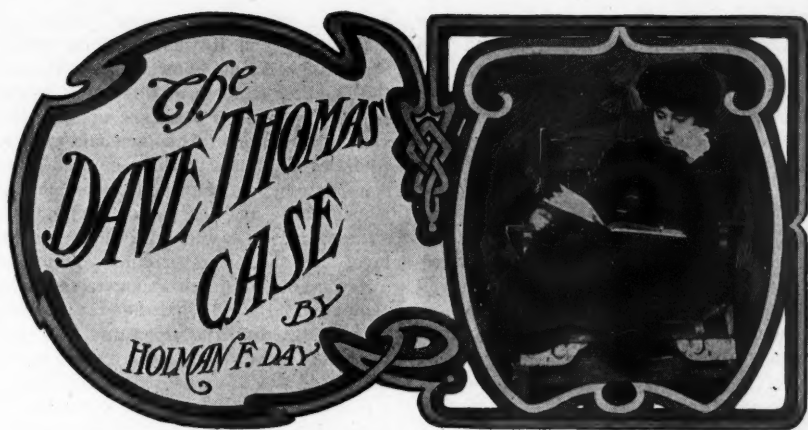
Softly through the flowery mass,

And the petals, white as snow,

Float, with lingering course and slow,

Silent to the ground below,

Whitening the soft green grass.



AS LAWYER DAVE THOMAS, though a rather liberal layman, was a steward of the Methodist Episcopal church in Peru village, it was his duty to assist in meeting and greeting at the railroad station the new minister who had been assigned to that charge by the annual conference.

It may be well to go back to this meeting and greeting on the railroad platform, for at that time "the Dave Thomas Case" may be said to have introduced itself.

Dave lighted a cigar and walked up and down the station platform enjoying both the air and the aroma. His fellow steward, one of the Peru selectmen, stamped by his side in his ramble. Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Fellow Steward remained in the little waiting-room discussing the ministerial possibilities as preacher and pastor.

"Heard ye was goin' to defend Ruggles next term?" the selectman remarked.

"No sir!" Dave rolled his cigar across into the other corner of his mouth and cocked it determinedly.

"Was asked to, wa'n't ye?"

"Yep."

"Hain't he got no case?"

"Look-a-here, Jephson, do you think I'm going to make a legal ass of myself by defending an embezzler whose only excuse is that his mind suddenly became a blank and stayed so until he woke up somewhere out west all of a sudden?"

"Lots of jest sech cases are bein' reported by the newspapers right along, squire," persisted the selectman.

"Blorh-h! Anything for an excuse! Remember I'm a lawyer and a pretty matter-of-fact one, Brother Jephson. When Justice goes to weighing fog in her balances she's in poor business. Temporary aberration? Fog! The only thing to match a case of that sort is a suit for alienation of a woman's affections. More fog!"

And then the little bob-tailed train came in.

The new minister was a slab-sided young man with a smooth, peaked face that wore an innocuous expression. He employed the stereotyped ministerial broadness of articulation. Later, Thomas noticed that he tied his manuscripts together with little blue ribbons. That spoke volumes to Dave.

Dave was more or less self-made. He wasn't old—only about thirty-five. He was broad, with a round, red face always glowing with amiability and he was the most progressive and wide-awake man in Peru. Through his efforts a branch railroad six miles long had been built to connect Peru with the main line. He had interested a city syndicate in the venture and they had appointed Dave to be their local manager, attorney and treasurer. That was merely one of his offices. He

was town clerk, and had been county attorney, owned several farms and had as good a practice as any lawyer at his county bar.

Mrs. Thomas was older than he. He had met her while both were at school at the shire's classical academy. Afterward, she was his assistant in a high school while he read law between whiles with a village lawyer. As soon as he was admitted to the bar they were married. Dave respected her and she liked him well enough—that was all there was to it.

But the woman—the parson's wife—well—

In the first place, she was the best dressed little woman Peru had ever seen. She had money in her own right, so the women afterward learned. Then, too, she was deft with her needle and made her own clothes. She wasn't an active church worker, and there were many in the parish who thought she inclined too much to the vanities—but she was a mighty pleasant woman—there was no doubting that.

Dave got to think so right away. He and his wife were frequent callers at the parsonage. They lived next door. Mrs. Thomas usually spent her afternoons at women's clubs in the village. There were the History club and the Spinnet, and English Lit. and a lot more. She wore nose-glasses and there were straight wrinkles on each side of her nose.

The parson's wife 'most always curled up in her chair like a kitten when she sat down. She skipped about the house rather than walked. Her hats always tipped to one side or the other in a saucy little way. Dave, worn by the angularity of his own existence—law with its tedious forms, business with its prosy details, home with its "schoolma'mish" regime—Dave, I say, just relished this little woman who liked to talk nonsense whenever he came in. Dave was more or less Bohemian without knowing it. There was nothing in Peru to wake up his convivial instincts. The parson's wife titillated his fancy. He was a wag when he "got woke up." The parson's wife used to look at his round, flushed face approvingly. Like most doll women she had a

penchant for the strenuous species of masculinity and it was not long before she was, without knowing it, relishing the laughter and fun of this florid, fresh-faced lawyer more than she enjoyed the sedate attractions of her anaemic spouse. And Dave? Inside of three months Dave was sighing out half-veiled confidences whenever he and the parson's wife were allowed a *tete-a-tete*. He didn't make love. No, he remembered his dignity as a steward of the church and merely sought sympathy. He told her he was obliged to dwell in a sort of feminine club, for his house was occupied nearly every evening in the week by this or that society.

Now, were I writing a novel instead of compressing an episode, I would describe the growth of the affection that sprung up between this sturdy man and this clinging woman. For one did spring up. Before long the parson's wife was confiding to Dave that she was naturally of a clinging disposition and didn't enjoy clinging to a bean pole. She didn't say bean pole, to be sure, but she got to calling Dave her sturdy oak and by comparison with Dave, the slab-sided parson was only a sapling.

At the end of four months Dave and the parson's wife were discussing what might have been had they met in the dear, sweet, unincumbered past. At the end of five months they were projecting a horoscope of what "might be" if things were different. At the end of six months they were tentatively planning to make things different. Now, Dave meant to be a true, square and decent sort of a man, and the parson's little wife was a dear woman—rather inclined to sentiment and apparel, but none the less sweet and womanly. They had not intended to do wrong and I well understand that my bald statement that they were planning to elope sounds painfully harsh and improper; but really, the gradation of love and reasoning had been so unnoticeably gradual that they had convinced themselves they were going away in order that the ones they left behind might be happier. They believed that it was not right to force their unloving hearts on those two respective and

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"DISCUSSING WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

respectable homes. Love is a queer cozenner!

Finally they came to the decisive plans. The parson's wife was to go away to visit friends in a large city in another state. That was to afford her the opportunity of getting her clothes away from home.

Then Dave was to smuggle his affairs as much as he could, raise money on his property and join her in the city. After that, away for the sweet solace of kindred spirits!

As soon as the parson's wife had departed to make her visit, Dave began to scabble around to collect money due him. But his debtors were delinquent and procrastinating. When he attempted to press them they began to look on him with suspicion, and he saw that course would never do. Dave realized that he mustn't stir up the inquisitiveness of the people.

He had resolved that for the future no rude blast should brush the velvet cheek of the little woman who was about to cling to him for life. Money is a great wind-break in this world. Dave was here assailed by a temptation. Occasionally in times past he had drawn through the local bank on the railroad syndicate when small sums were needed to make up a deficiency. The drafts were invariably honored. Dave foresaw that he might be weeks collecting the amounts due him. He bethought himself of a way that was easy but wrong. And yet he would rectify the wrong later. He went to the bank.

"That draft is much larger than usual, Mr. Sawyer," he said at the wicket, slipping the piece of paper along the polished wood. "But I have been instructed by the company to buy some more land for the yards, and so I will draw for the whole amount."

"We are only too glad to accommodate you, Mr. Thomas," said the cashier. "Will you have the sum passed to your credit?"

"I'll take it in bills and make cash payments, I think," Thomas answered. "I'm dealing with farmers, you know."

Dave wadded the huge roll into his trousers' pocket. "Three days leeway," he meditated, as he walked back to his

office. "By that time I'll be—." He hugged his elbows to his side and chuckled.

That afternoon he packed his grip, told his wife he was going to run down to the shire on legal business that would keep him there a day or so, and walked to the little railroad station. He had left a letter to her on his desk in the office. He knew she would receive it in due time. In his farewell message he stated that fate had been stronger than he, but he did not explain what fate. He counselled her to take care of the children. He asked her to collect all moneys due him, repay to the bank the sum he had obtained on the draft, and told her to keep all the rest for herself and the children. There would be enough, he wrote.

"All the big men of the town are skipping off today," the station agent remarked genially as Dave lounged down the platform.

"That so?" asked the lawyer perfunctorily.

"The Methodist minister went this mornin'. Grinned and told me that he missed his wife so much that he guessed he would run up to the city where she is stopping and stay a couple of days. These ministers have a pretty easy time of it, squire. Hain't tied down all the time like us fellers."

Dave sat down in the one passenger car of the mixed train and clinched his fists and swore—yes, even he, the steward of the Methodist church. What did that fool minister want to go scooting up there for, right at this juncture? He foresaw possible complications, but the complications must be brushed aside. He couldn't stop now. That draft was on its way rejoicing. He trusted to the wit of the woman to put the parson out of the way long enough for the flight they had planned. He had written the day before telling her just where to meet him and when. He announced that he had cut every tie and he wound up with a lot of rhapsodies—you know what they always are. He put those in, he told her, because he hoped that never again would they be so far apart that it would be necessary to write a letter.

After an all-night ride in a sleeping-car he was in the city. He ate breakfast, he was shaved. He thrilled with the thought that the next time he ate she would be with him, her bright face looking love to him across the table.

He had told her to meet him in the ladies' parlor of a hotel. He had the tickets purchased for a steamship sailing south. He posted himself in the window of the hotel office that commanded a view of the entrance to the ladies' parlor. He noted that the lobby clock indicated a full hour before the time set for the appointment. But he did not care. It was sweet to be waiting for Her. It might be that she was ahead of time, too, and was in the parlor. He ran up the stairs to see. She was not there. When the clock registered ten minutes past the appointed hour, he went to the parlor again. She might have come in by some other way, he thought. A woman sat looking out of the window. His heart came into his mouth. The cock of the hat was like her. He hastened forward, but when the woman turned at sound of his step, he saw that she was a stranger.

An hour later he was still in the office. He could not believe that she was not coming. He eyed every woman who fluttered down the street against the wind, her draperies billowing. The next—the very next, must be She.

A hand fell on his shoulder. He turned. Smiling his bland pastoral smile, there stood the parson. The minister extended a hand that felt in Dave's hot grasp like a bundle of slim, cool reeds. The two men exchanged commonplaces. Dave talked as one in a dream. He wondered what was coming. "He felt that perhaps the minister had some sinister purpose behind his suave exterior.

What was he there for? Pretty soon the parson unbuttoned his tightly-drawn frock coat, and drew out a letter sealed in an envelope.

"My wife wanted me to give you this," he said. "That is what I have looked you up for. I suppose you know what it is about."

Dave stammered something. The

clergyman cheerfully went on: "Your wife wrote to my wife, I believe, and told her that you were to be in town today." Dave knew that the woman had lied, but he said nothing except to give her a compliment in his thoughts for her wit. "Yes," went on the parson blandly, "it's about the new cushions that you are to buy for the pews. Your wife wanted my wife to give you some hints on color and so forth. My Minnie is very tasty, you know."

Dave took the letter and walked away to the window. "If there is any answer I will take it," called the parson, as he sat down in one of the office chairs.

Thomas ripped the envelope open haphazard and tore out the note. It read:

"Dear Mr. Thomas; I realize I shall surprise you by this note, but I trust that I shall not disappoint you too much. I fully intended to do as I agreed, but I fear I allowed your strong will to dominate me too much, as I see now when I am away from you. When poor hubby appeared last night all the way from home, and told me that he had been so, so lonely without me, my heart was touched. I sat up and mended the socks he brought and thought the matter over. I do like you very, very much, and I know that sometime you will be a rich and powerful man. But perhaps it is my duty to remain the humble wife of a clergyman, who looks to me so wistfully for consolation from the wearing duties of his calling. I am sorry—" Dave skipped that part. He noted merely that she dwelt in platitudes about duty and sacrifice. She ended by expressing the hope that he had not been bothered too much by coming so far "all for poor little me."

Dave jammed the letter into his pocket. "Bothered!" he muttered, and then he thought of the draft. Perhaps they wouldn't prosecute him if he went back, but what could he say to those stolid business men? He stood and looked out of the window into the bustle of the street. Most of those people were going home, perhaps. Well, he couldn't go home! And the children—couldn't see them again, couldn't sit down evenings

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"MY WIFE WANTED ME TO GIVE YOU THIS," HE SAID.

and question them about how they were getting along with their studies. And his wife—! Dave grated his teeth as he pondered that at any rate his wife had determination enough about her to run away with a man if she said she'd go.

He stamped his broad foot down and faced about. The parson again smiled his bland smile. "Say, Brother Thomas," he cried with a womanish eagerness that he endeavored vainly to make cordial, "wife and I are to lunch at a dairy kitchen up near the library. Come on, too, won't you? It will be quite a little lark, and then we all can go to the library for the afternoon. Minnie asked me to hurry back, for she has been lonely without me."

Dave clinched his fist behind his back, and then suddenly brought it forward. But as he raised it over the parson's shoulder, his fingers spread apart and he brought his open palm down whack between the cringing shoulder-blades. He laughed, but his joviality was fierce.

"Come, old man, let's take a drink," he cried, passing his arm through the parson's dangling member. The clergyman stared at him with his mouth agape. "Come along," stuttered Dave, "it isn't very often we get up to the city." He dragged the astonished pastor across the tiled floor.

The sudden vehemence of the impetuous lawyer seemed to hypnotize the clergyman for a moment. He allowed himself to be led away unresistingly, still gazing in fear and amazement on the flushed face of his parishioner. He did not gather himself sufficiently to remonstrate until a man in a white jacket leaned politely forward across a polished expanse and blandly queried:

"What will you have, gents?"

The pastor threw a horrified glance at his surroundings, and then dragged himself from the restraining grip of Dave.

"Have!" he repeated gaspingly. And then indignantly, "Why, Brother Thomas, I really believe you have dragged me into a grog shop!"

"It certainly isn't a class-meeting," returned the lawyer, quivering with an in-

sane desire to be ribald, to swear, to scoff at decency, to shock this weak mate of a weaker woman. In his sudden loss of grip on the rungs of the ladder, by which he had so patiently and ploddingly climbed into a peaceful self-contained and respectable existence, he felt inclined to slide in one exulting swift and exhilarating plunge to the depths. He found something amusing in the parson's lank face, full of horror, open mouth, eyebrows straining up, trembling chin.

"The joke's on me, elder," he cried. "I'm willing to treat. What'll you have?"

"Brother Thomas!"—recovering himself enough to put a note of sternness into his voice—"if you are sane you insult me and disgrace yourself. If you are insane, come away with me, dear friend. It is my duty to take you home. Come, Brother Thomas! Minnie will soothe you and sit by you this afternoon until you recover."

He seized the lawyer by the arm and started to drag him to the door.

"Damn your Minnie and her soothing!" Dave yelled, yanking away. "You tell her that for me, will you? You just tell her that for me!"

The minister gazed a moment on the features, convulsed by passion, and then quavering, "The Lord's mercy on him, the man's a maniac!" He ran incontinently from the place, a pale, frock-coated, slender parson, who bumped into bar loungers, and with sharp elbows dealt solar plexus blows to rubicund old gentlemen who were placidly toddling in for their noon-time nip. Followed by laughter and execrations that sounded to him like clamor from the regions of the damned, the clergyman fled up winding streets, dizzily seeking the dairy lunch room where he was to meet his waiting wife, and gasping through white lips, "A lunatic! Poor Brother Thomas!"

The lawyer stared after him a moment. Then he threw a glowering gaze on the bystanders. He saw by the expression of their faces that they believed the whole thing a joke on a parson and were waiting for some softening of his features in

order to express their appreciation. But Thomas scowled back at their smiles, poured down a gulp of whiskey and strode out.

Fire ran in his veins. A project bold and reckless was in his mind. He felt at his plump breast pocket. Proceeds of a trick of a bank thief! He had no sensible and self-respecting explanation to offer to the cynics of a railroad corporation or to the blinking skeptics behind a bank grating. The ruins of an honest and solidly established life were tumbling about his ears. Well, he would show her what some things meant, that's all!

"Yah-h-h!" His shout to a passing cab was as angry as a loup-cervier's snarl.

"Do you know of a place," he growled, "up near the public library where parsons go to drink skim milk and nibble crackers like white mice?"

"What are you looking for—animals' hospital?" queried the driver, not catching the meaning of the strange demand.

"Naw-w-w, a dairy lunch or something of that sort near the library."

"Git in and I'll find it."

"Do you know how to hurry?"

"You can most always git what ye're willin' to pay for," the man snapped back, not relishing this stranger's style of interrogatory.

"I'll pay all right. You get there!"

On their way through a side street, Dave beheld the clergyman flickering along, dodging pedestrians with little rabbit-like hops, his coat-tails flopping limply about his thin legs.

"I'll pay for all the whips you break, driver," Dave yawled through the glass. The man grumbled oaths and lashed on.

"Here's one of your places," the driver announced ungraciously, as the carriage jolted against the curb.

And it was the right place!

He could see her from the carriage window. She sat at a little table waiting and looking down the street. The big pane of glass in which she was framed showed every detail of countenance and movement as distinctly as though she sat upon the sidewalk.

Her note hinted that she had been keep-

ing vigil with that solemn problem of their lives. He peered at her. Were there marks of sorrow or anxiety on her face? As he gazed, he felt his resentment evaporating. The more desperate project he had revolved seemed revengeful and cruel now. There was yet time for— Did she not belong to him? He would take her. Yes, there was time! Her face seemed serene, but he believed that tears were very close behind those blue eyes. She raised her hand to her face. Yes, she certainly was about to weep behind the friendly shelter of her little glove. But the hand went only to her mouth. Her lips parted. He clinched his hands and growled an oath at the sight. She was most unmistakably yawning—the pretty, calm yawn of a woman who is perfectly comfortable and slightly bored. Her hand then patted her open lips in a kittenish, playful manner, and she glanced around the room. Dave's trained lawyer eye had often drawn more from the manner of witnesses than from the words they uttered. A young man sat at a table near her. He stared at her with a look of frank admiration. Her eyes met his, were lowered, and then, after demure divagation, met his again. A flush crept over the dimpled cheeks. Then she turned, took a swift peep at herself in a mirror and adjusted her hat and veil. After a moment of self-conscious studying of a menu card, she glanced again at the young man.

Thomas, clutching the woodwork of the carriage door so tightly that the blood settled back under his nails, looked on all this with complete appreciation of what it signified. Here was a woman who had just dispatched a note that, if she knew anything, she knew would break a man's heart.

She had mocked her own husband by making him a tool for such an errand.

While waiting for these two poor fools, she was amusing herself in a flirtation with a man whom she had evidently never seen before until that moment.

And then Dave Thomas woke up. The narrow horizon which had hitherto bounded his view of womankind broad-

ened. He knew that he looked upon a woman who was incapable of the bravery of self-surrender—even if she ever intended the step. She had sentimentally viewed this strong love with about the same appreciation she would have felt for a new and delicious confection. Until then Dave had not realized that there were such women in the world. Long afterward he philosophically investigated the matter technically after the manner of a legal mind and discovered that pretty women do not believe that mild flirtations are inherently wrong. The trouble with Dave had been that in his infernal practicality as a lawyer he had become too logical as a lover.

Now he sunk to his knees, groaning with the utter abandonment of a strong nature, that has for the first time found every cog in its being whirling out of gear. A package of stolen money burning his breast, self-proscribed needlessly from the community where he had led men all his life, his wife and children—

He threw open the door of the carriage. He hardly knew what he proposed to do—he simply knew that he wanted to do something desperate. At this moment, his pastor came around the corner, his coat-tails floating on the breeze. As though the head protruding from the carriage door were that of Medusa, he whirled, ran toward the lunch room door, waving his hands to his wife through the glass and shrieked: "He has gone mad, Minnie! he has gone mad!"

Passers stopped and began to stare. A policeman was approaching up the street. Dave dodged back into the cab and

banged the door. "Drive on, man!" he called.

But the driver stared back at him through the window with uncertainty in his features. That moment marked the climatic in the passion of self-contained Dave Thomas's whole life. He threw himself back on the cushions and drove both feet through the front glass of the cab.

"Drive me to a telegraph office," he yelled, "or I'll kick your cab into inch pieces. I'll settle all right at the end of this ride. I'm getting my money's worth."

Dave sent three telegrams:

One was to his wife.

One was to the First National Bank of Peru.

One was to the main office of the railroad syndicate.

Each closed with the laconic statement: "Temporary aberration."

Then he caught the first train for home, and when the minister got there with his story, all he found to do was to add corroboration to what Dave had related to his sympathetic community. And when the railroad folks, with a kindly warning against over-work, sent along a check with the prayer that he would take a summer outing, he and Mrs. Thomas went down to the seashore. The unction with which the pastor prayed next Sunday that the brother "who had towered as a giant among them might come back restored in all his noble qualities" brought honest mutters of "Amen" from all corners of the sanctuary.

THOUGHTS

By EMMA B. VAN DEUSEN

Days that pass with work ill-planned
Are as marks in the shifting sand;
Lives where faith nor love abide
Are as waves of the restless tide.

—
Can I expect my prayer is heard
When I still doubt my neighbor's word?

NEW DAWNS OF KNOWLEDGE

By MICHAEL A. LANE

AUTHOR OF "THE LEVEL OF SOCIAL MOTION"

I.—LIFE

THE anatomist tells us that it is the pectoralis major muscle that pulls the arm forward toward the chest; that it is the latissimus dorsi muscle that pulls the arm backward and downward; that the deltoid muscle lifts the arm upward and outward from the side.

He likewise informs us that it is one group of muscles that rotates the thigh outward, another that draws the thigh inward, another that abducts it, a fourth that steadies the trunk upon the thigh-bone, a fifth that "flexes" the thigh upon the pelvis, a sixth that straightens the spine, and a seventh that lifts up the head and holds it erect upon the shoulders.

When one contemplates one's self in an anatomical looking glass, one's personal pride is very noticeably depreciated. One finds that all the visible motions of the body are mere co-ordinated pullings, bendings, straightenings, synergisms and antagonisms of muscles which, by their peculiar attachments to bones, or to other structures, pull the bones this way or that upon their articulations, much the same as a piston pulls and drives a piston-rod, and the piston-rod the connecting-rod, thus producing motion in the machine.

This somewhat impersonal view of things was neatly brought out by the young female student of anatomy who exclaimed:

"I always thought that it was I who crooked my big toe. I now see my error. It is not I who crooks my big toe; it is the flexor longus hallucis!"

The more deeply we examine into the phenomena of life the more deeply are we impressed with the notion that individuality is only a relative term, having very little meaning aside from the actual parts of which the individual is com-

posed; rather let us say apart from the various mechanisms which, by their functioning together, make up the co-ordinated life of the organism. More clearly to comprehend this notion, let us glance at life in general.

Bacteria multiply with inconceivable rapidity. A single microbe will produce within twenty-four hours no fewer than sixteen millions of its kind. This number, when multiplied by itself, represents the numerical progeny of a single bacterium in forty-eight hours. Bacteriologists have ascertained these facts by placing micro-organisms under favorable conditions and then noting the time required for the propagation of the single bacterium.

Now a microbe is an identical thing; that is, it possesses a composite of properties, or characters, that distinguish it from other things; it has a persistent identity. In one word, it is an individual.

Similar characters may be attributed, with some modifications, to a grain of sand. But between a grain of sand and a microbe there are two or three essential differences that mark off the one from the other by the sharpest imaginable limitations. A grain of sand may be broken up into countless grains, but none of these new grains will be as large as the first, while the mass and volume of the original grain are equal to the sum of the masses and volumes of the grains into which the original grain is broken. In other words, the grain of sand does not reproduce itself.

A bacterium, on the other hand, does this very thing. It produces new microbes which, in all essential particulars, are exact copies of the original. The individual bacterium splits up into two bacteria perfectly equal in all essential respects, and each of the new bacteria has, of course, the same power of reproduction

as had the parent. To do this the bacterium must have some character, or quality, that the grain of sand has not. What is this quality that so widely distinguishes the microbe from the sand grain? The answer is this: The microbe is alive, the sand is not.

If we ask, now, the distinction between living and lifeless things, we can answer that the living thing has in it a something that is capable of reproducing itself, quantity for quantity and quality for quality. This something has been called by the name, Protoplasm—Greek for “first form.” Protoplasm is found, therefore, in all things that live, and by its presence it separates living from lifeless matter by a sharp and insurmountable line.

Protoplasm is built up into what is called cells. A cell, we may say, is differentiated protoplasm. The contents of a hen's egg are made up of protoplasm—and an enormous quantity of food-stuffs used for its formation by the developing chick—but the egg itself is a cell. Cells vary in size, from the micrococcus that may measure only one fifty thousandth of an inch, to the egg of the ostrich; yet all of them possess the same general characters, and all of them are capable of reproducing themselves, and actually do reproduce themselves by methods that differ somewhat, according to the structure of the cell, or the circumstances in which it is placed.

Cells vary in their structure as well as in their shape and size. For the most part they are invisible to the unaided eye and require a rather high power for their minute examination by the microscope; but that examination serves, as no other examination can, to reveal the marvelous story of life from its simplest observable origins up to its most complex and bewildering activities as seen in the brain of a man and of other animals high in the scale of living existence. A cell is a complete organism in itself, and many kinds of cells live a separate life of their own as independent individuals. When cells are united in a complex organism, each

cell carries on two kinds of functions. First, the life-function of the individual cell itself—its nutrition and propagation—and, secondly, its social function, or the function it has in relation to other cells—the nutritive and propagative functions of the vegetable or animal organism of which it forms a part.

It is therefore sometimes said that cells are the “units of life,” and this definition would seem to be perfectly true when it is considered that the most complicated organism we know,—that is, the body of a living man,—is no more than an aggregate of variously shaped, variously sized, variously formed, differentiating and variously functioning cells which do the work of the various organs of the body, build up its skeleton, replenish its anabolic fluids, and cast off its catabolic substances which are the ashes, so to speak, of the combustion that is always going on in the process of vital waste and repair.

Now, if the cell be the unit of life, or, let us say, the structural basis of organic life, it should be clear that if we know the structural nature of the cell we can largely comprehend the structural nature of the animal or the plant of which cells form the constituent parts. Let us study, for example, a cell from the human body. Any kind of cell will do, for they are all very much alike, nor indeed is it necessary to study a cell from the body of a man in order to find out the basic nature of human life, for all cells, of whatsoever kind, are much the same. But let us study cells as we find them in higher animals.

There, as elsewhere in the entire range of life, the cell appears to be a machine, and by no means so simple a machine as was first believed. Within the past ten or fifteen years cytologists have made no little progress in their knowledge concerning the methods by which the cell carries on its functions within itself, and concerning, likewise, the instruments or organs by which these methods are determined. The cell, like the man, takes in nutritive matter from its environment,

and assimilates it; and, like the man, it propagates, or reproduces, itself. A close observation of cell life reveals the fact that the motions through which the cell passes during the action by which it assimilates food are really mechanical; and such observation furthermore reveals the fact that all the complicated motions by which the cell is multiplied are mechanical likewise. In other words, the cell depends for its growth and reproduction upon its mechanical structure, or mechanical nature, and not upon its chemical composition, as was taught by Huxley and for many years believed by many biologists. It may therefore be said that the basis of life is mechanical and not chemical; and that, if the cell is a machine, the man must be a machine likewise.

The process of cellular reproduction is a long and complicated one, and I have no space here to enter into more than the barest sketch of it. The more highly organized animal cell requires for its reproduction about ninety minutes, and the entire process can be seen, in favorable circumstances, under the microscope. The cell has two organs of reproduction—the "nucleus" and the "centrosome." The nucleus is a small body situated near the center of the cell body. The centrosome is a small body situated near the nucleus. The nucleus is surrounded by a membrane, enclosed within which are several peculiar structures which have to do with reproduction. There is a "nucleolus," or nucleus of the nucleus; there is a fine network in the nucleus called "achromatin," because of its non-staining character; and finally there is a coarser network called "chromatin," because it takes up certain staining matter which renders it distinctly visible when the cell is placed under the microscope. The thread of this network is marked by tiny knots, or lumps, called "chromatin knots."

When the cell is ready to reproduce itself, or rather, when, by excess of growth, it is ready to split up into two cells, the most marvelous activity and transforma-

tion takes place in this little world of living matter. First the membrane surrounding the nucleus is absorbed, and the nucleus is now naked in the cell protoplasm. Next the nucleolus disappears. Next the achromatin network disappears, and of the nucleus nothing remains, apparently, but the chromatin network floating in the cell protoplasm.

And now the lumps or knots of the thread are absorbed, the chromatin thread itself loosens out, becomes coarser and shorter, and breaks up into a number of loops, or U-shaped bodies, called "chromosomes," the number of which, however, is always even. It will be presently seen why the number of these loops must be even and not odd. The chromosomes arrange themselves together with their closed or rounded ends pointing toward each other, and their open ends pointing out, the entire arrangement looking, from one of its aspects, like a star. For that reason this star-shaped arrangement of the chromosomes is called the "monaster," or "mother star."

Meanwhile the centrosome itself has split into two, the halves flying to opposite poles of the cell, and there is formed a spindle-shaped, striated structure with its apices at the two centrosomes and the loops of chromatin in its belly. A wonderful process now ensues; so wonderful, indeed, that it suggests the almost obvious presence of an intelligent designing power that is at work here in this infinitely little world of life and action, although we know that intelligence or design has really no more to do with the process than intelligence or design has to do with the movements of a decaying leaf blown about by the winds of autumn.

The chromosomes in the middle of the spindle split along their length into two equal sets of chromosomes, or "daughter-stars," and as each loop splits, one-half of it turns its closed end toward one centrosome, the reverse being true of the other half. This action seems to be due to a number of thread-like processes, called "mantle rays," the number of which is always equal to the number of chromosomes, and which seem to dip down over

the surface of the spindle, seize the daughter-chromosomes and draw them gently toward the poles of the cell at which the centrosomes are situated. Thus of the split-up chromatin loops one-half goes to one pole, the other half to the other.

And now takes place another and most wonderful process of all. The dipping threads, or "mantle rays," have already disappeared; the central spindle disappears, the chromatin loops reform into a single thread which now reappears as the chromatin network; the knots of the chromatin reappear, the achromatin network reappears, the nucleolus reappears, and finally the nuclear skin is reformed, and there are now in the cell two perfect nuclei, and two centrosomes instead of one of each, as before. The whole cell then divides in the middle, the nucleus and centrosome of each are repositied in their proper places, and there are two cells instead of one. The entire process is a continuous one and, considering the size of the cell, a very long one. It is quite as long a process (for the size of the cell) as the process of growth in a man, from his inception to his adolescence.

As I have said above, all this complicated and highly purposive motion, this splitting into perfect halves, rearrangement, disappearance, and reappearance, is quite as mechanical in its nature as the motion of the works of a watch; and a further study of cell propagation serves only to emphasize and make more conspicuous the mechanical character of cellular structure and function.

What has been said in the preceding paragraphs is a description of the reproduction of a body cell, or tissue cell, or "somatic" cell. When two cells unite to form the starting point for the reproduction of a great community of cells, such as a man, a rather complicated preparatory work is done by the two cells, or by their united structures, before the new and compound cell is ready to split up. This is due to the fact that the two uniting cells are different in the number of

their chromosomes. But the compound cell formed by the union of the egg and its fertilizing cell has within it all the potency of the two cells considered separately. So that we may say that cells have, potentially, all the qualities, properties, powers, and faculties that mark the complex organism they serve to build up.

It is no extravagance and no mere figure of speech to say that cells move about with apparent purpose, that they feel, that they suffer and enjoy, that they absorb and assimilate food, that they live, love, marry, propagate, and die. And we can say with as much truth that they think. But of this last mentioned function, it will be well to defer discussion until a subsequent time.

The cell, therefore, does all that the man does, has all that the man has, and possesses, within its tiny compass, heart, vein, muscle, nerve, artery, skin, bone, cartilage and what-not of the future organism of, the composition of which it forms one of the ultimate constituent parts.

It was the observation of the cell and some of its functions that brought about the theory which is now to the forefront of biological discussion. This is the ingenious and rational explanation of heredity announced some twenty years ago by August Weismann, professor of biology at the University of Freiburg.

Some of the phenomena of nature are so very familiar and of such common occurrence that it takes the insight and wisdom of a genius to make an extraordinary note of them. This is precisely the case with heredity or inheritance. That dogs should beget dogs and not turtles, that human parents should have human offspring, that elephants should bring forth elephants rather than eagles, seems to be rational enough at first consideration. Yet, when we stop to think of it, there is really no obvious reason for the fact. And, when we stop to think of it in this way, the fact of inheritance becomes a stupendous mystery and one of the most remarkable occurrences in this

world of mysterious occurrences and remarkable things. Why should not dogs beget elephants and elephants lions?

This was the question that Weismann undertook to answer in a rational manner, and that he has answered it satisfactorily is the opinion of quite a large number of specialists who are grouped together under the general head of the "Weismannic school."

To account for inheritance Weismann assumed that one-half of the developing egg goes to the formation of the various organs and the various tissues of the body, while the other half remains undifferentiated inside the growing and developing structure. To this undifferentiating substance he gave the name, "germ plasm," while to differentiating cells he gave the name "somaplast," or the substance from which the body is built up. Both kind of cells grow in quantity, of course, but the germ plasm remains unaltered as an unchanging part of the original cell, and, after being shifted about to suit the exigencies of growth, it finally becomes lodged in a special gland, from which it is given forth as sperm-cells or egg cells. Thus it would appear that the animal or the plant carries in its body a bit of this unaltered germ plasm which it passes down unchanged to its progeny; and as the egg contains potential differentiating substance, or somaplast, the phenomenon of heredity is explained.

Now all this would be rational enough if there were no variation in organisms; that is, if all organisms were precisely alike. Variation itself is accounted for, however, by the union of two different cells from two different individuals—sexual generation. The introduction of the second cell leaves the matter practically as it was before, for there is inheritance still, but inheritance with variation. The germ plasm is passed down from generation to generation, and, although unbroken in its continuity, it varies a little from one generation to another, thus making possible the development of species by means of natural selection.

This view of inheritance has quite an

important bearing on social reform, as it seems to throw upon the ancestors the entire responsibility for all human traits, good or bad. Or, rather, to be more exact, it does away with responsibility altogether and, so far as individual morality is concerned, disrupts all current ideas of morality, and leaves man, the individual, a mere moving apparatus, without power to change his physical characters or his aspirations, all of which have been inherited from the interminable line of ancestry of which he is the latest product. The Weismannic theory of inheritance, in its broader aspects, seems to grow more lucid, more conspicuously obvious, more forcibly true, the more it is thought upon and investigated; and a right application of it, together with a rational comprehension of its real meaning, will serve to render men more humane and forgiving when they are counting the foibles, the follies, the weaknesses, and the crimes of their fellows. When society realizes the truth that the natural dispositions of men are no more under the control of the so-called will of man than is the color of his hair or the size of his stature, some salutary changes will take effect in social opinions and social laws, whereby the "good man" will lose much of his glory and the general esteem in which he is held, and the "bad man" will be freely condoned for his crimes.

Professor Weismann announced his theory twenty years ago at a time when much of the conduct of the cell, in its intimate structure, was still a mystery. His conception of inheritance was the inspiration of a true genius, some years in advance of his time. His thought was pure theory, and he has lived to see that theory largely substantiated by subsequent microscopic examination. But the social and moral aspects of his theory—aspects which, so far as I know, he did not himself contemplate—are still somewhat in doubt, at least in their bearing on the future of human society—a topic, by the way, with which the biologist often concerns himself in no inconsiderable degree.

The cell has been studied so minutely of late that a digest of the work and its experimental results would fill a book. The cell has been placed in various environments; it has been diverted from its natural growth, half of it has been killed and the other half allowed to develop, and no end of experiments have been made with it with a view to "determining the determinants" of heredity. But the best results have come from close watching of the natural processes and the making of theories to account for them.

The announcement of Weismann's theory set up a new drift in biological investigation. Previously to that announcement, and subsequently to the announcement of the Darwinian and Wallacean theory of natural selection, the attention of biologists had been largely concerned with the generalizations of the science. Biologists were looking for "laws" rather than for new facts apart from general laws. Weismann was the first to announce a new law of this kind, and, oddly enough, he diverted the attention of investigation from the general to the particular, and a great wave of cell-study overran the biological world. Since that time the cell has been the focus of inquiry to the neglect of the larger aspects of life which, in the pre-Darwinian time, had been the almost exclusive subject of investigation. Many biologists are now turning their attention from the cell to those very aspects of life that have been so long neglected. The result is that the great process of natural selection is again having its day, and many are the new and interesting discoveries and questions that have arisen in consequence. Weismann's theory corrected Darwin's, and Weismann's theory itself is now undergoing and has undergone considerable modification.

Meanwhile, the biologists have diverted the attention of psychologists, of economists, of sociologists, and moralists from their old starting point, and have succeeded, so to speak, in throwing the sciences of these men out of joint. So that the biologist finds himself, in a way, an economist, a sociologist, a psychologist, and

an ethicist, in spite of himself. Like the anatomist (who finds his terms a mere jargon if they are not correlated with the terms of the physiologist), the psychologist, and the others mentioned, find themselves mere phrase-makers and word-weavers when they neglect terms of biology.

Very little seems to be going forward with concern to the origin of life itself. The field, it is true, has been pretty well cleared up for some new genius who will tell us just how the living machine is originally put together—that is, how the living machine arises without the agency of another living machine. Nobody—at least nobody distinguished as a biologist—now believes that life is anything but a natural, spontaneous growth, or evolution, or genesis from non-living matter. We say that the cell has in it the potency of all forms of life. May we not also say that so-called dead matter has within it the potency of life itself? And carrying the argument a step farther, may we not say that the so-called elements of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, and so on, having in them the potency of life, have also within them the potency of consciousness? that the difference between man and so-called dead matter is a difference not of kind, but of quantity? that a man is highly complex matter intricately combined chemically and intricately arranged mechanically?

Indeed, we may truly say so, far as the science of living things can say anything about it at all; and if anyone sees fit to disagree with that say-so he must suffer the opprobrium of being called "unscientific," in that much at least. For no mortal man has the right to assume as being true something for which he can offer no rational and demonstrable evidence whatsoever. Evidence may be positive or negative. In the case of the origin of life there is not now, and there never was, so far as men know, the slightest tittle of positive evidence that life arises or has arisen by any method but the natural one—and that would be from so-called dead matter. On the con-

trary, the negative evidence leading us to the conviction that life arose or arises in that natural way, meets us at every step and overwhelms us with its convincingness.

If men are disposed to discuss other methods, they must do so outside the biological laboratory, in which there is no room for hypotheses other than natural. Those men who are engaged in the now somewhat antique and unfashionable work of trying to "reconcile the truths of revealed religion" with the truths of science are regarded by men of science as being in the position of trying to lift themselves by their boot-straps. Scientific men who evade the question are merely compounders of deceit. Like the alchemists and early anatomists, they are throwing sops to the popular Cerberus, although there is small need for this practice nowadays. But when men of science meet together to discuss their theories and their experiments all questions

of revealed religion are banished. The biologist with a paper discussing the religious aspect of his science would probably talk to empty benches. Nobody would pay to him the slightest attention, or if anybody were induced to listen it would only be from curiosity to find out what he could possibly have beaten up to say about the matter.

Such is the unpalliated truth concerning present-day thought upon the origin of life. That origin may be discovered tomorrow, it may not be discovered for a thousand years, or it may never be discovered. But, if ever it is discovered, the discovery will reveal no more than the discoveries that have been made in the life of the organism, in the life of organisms associated together and destroying one another, and in the life of the cell itself of which all organisms are made.

ANOTHER ASPECT OF LIFE



From a Photograph by G. H. Meek, Fostoria, Ohio
"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—"

TIMELY TOPICS OF THE S T A G E

By GEORGE T. RICHARDSON



MARGARET DALY, LEADING LADY WITH JOHN DREW IN "CAPTAIN DIEPPE"

DAVID BELASCO—playwright, manager and maker of stars—is coming to be the most be-interviewed man in America. Scarcely a week passes that some publication does not print a broadside inspired by his lips, or an article from his (or his press agent's) pen. Belasco has always been a good advertiser. When he staged "Du Barry" every bit of bric-a-brac used was real, and the gold and silver articles shown were solid. Papier mache was eschewed, and the "property list" totalled a cost that would have made an entire production a decade ago.

"Why such extravagance?" cried the rival managers. "No one can see all this china and plate from the front!"

Of course not, but Belasco made sure that they should know about it out "in

front," even if they could not see it. He applied the same principle to his catering to the first class theater-goers that is employed by the purveyors of the "tank drama." For their "real water" and "real boats" in actual operation he substituted the antithesis of the paste and pinchbeck which have been the hallmark of the theater from its infancy. His realism was of the costly sort, but it paid. As it was advertising, so, too, may be the pessimism with which he is overflowing just now.

When he says "The Stage of America is doomed," I haven't the faintest idea that he means a word of it, or that he expects us to believe that he does. "There is not a ray of light on the horizon," he moans on; "the outlook is getting darker and darker—there is not the slightest incentive to hope."

"Not a ray of light," Mr. Belasco? How about "Sweet Kittle Bellairs" and "The Darling of the Gods"? And as for next season, have you nothing up those prolific sleeves of yours? You call the drama "the sick man of America," and say that everybody is anxious about him. Is not that an encouraging sign? When we refused to take note of the ailments there was less hope for their cure. He admits that "the American public is beginning to think for its self," and this certainly is a hopeful sign. When the time arrives that the people who support the theaters do a little thinking there will be hope for a more pretentious play than even that furnished in the de luxe melodrama supplied in Mr. Belasco's "Du Barry." I am perfectly in accord with Mr. Belasco in his plea for better plays, but when he takes comfort in the fact that "The Virginian" has been a success he mixes me all up; for if ever there was

an undramatic, invertebrate, structure called a play, it is this stage version of Owen Wister's novel. It succeeded? Yes, but why? Simply because in a series of unrelated episodes and without a plot it furnishes entertainment that appeals to people lured to the theater in the first instance by the fame of the book. This, surely is not the drama for which Mr. Belasco is mourning!

Charles Frohman is also coming forth into the limelight of the interview and has told London a few things about the theatrical depression here. Reduced to its lowest terms his theory of the cause of the season's stagnation is "too many theaters, too few good plays." This frank confession is followed by an apology. "A manager after all is merely a shopkeeper," says the drama's Napoleon, "and if the manufacturers can't or won't supply him with the goods suitable to his market, what is he to do?"

A natural, if somewhat saucy reply to this query would be: "Try some other manufacturers," but the average theatrical manager prefers to suffer the evils that he knows than to fly to others that he wots not of. "If the experienced playwrights write failures," he argues, "what can we expect of the greenhorns?" Perhaps this view is right, but Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones were once "greenhorns," and someone had to discover them. Exploration for playwrights, however, is about as expensive as searching for the North Pole and little more gratifying.

It is a matter of interest to note that Mr. Frohman believes that "we in America are in a sense in rather a childlike stage." This, perhaps accounts for some of the entertainment which we are given. But as he proceeds he particularizes just what he means.

"What we ask for," he says, "is a simple, straightforward story. But if it is to do any good it must have heart—it must strike a genuinely human note." This is truth distilled. The problem play's day is done, according to Mr. Frohman. It is gratifying to learn this from so high

an authority. He gives, too, a tip to the aspiring young author which should not be neglected, when he says:

"The kind of a piece I am always ready to acquire is the one which a young fellow takes his best girl to see in order to make her think that he is just the same sort of dashing, big-hearted order of fellow, while his sweetheart devoutly hopes that he will carry away the impression that she herself is exactly modelled on the lines of the beautiful and self-sacrificing heroine."

This is rather a new way of putting it, but it may be true. If so, how shall we account for the success of plays of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" order? And why is it that we have so few heroes and heroines of the given description? Perhaps it is not so easy to write such a play as it is to give the recipe for it. Yet, when someone asked William Gillette why he didn't write a powerful modern play he retorted by pencilling a few lines on a card and handing it to the inquirer, who read something to this effect:

"Handsome young man and young woman in affectionate attitude before the fire of a Harlem apartment. Enter, unobserved, through a window, an infuriated husband, who shoots both the young man and the young woman dead. Then he looks about and says: 'I beg pardon, I am in the wrong flat'—and exits."

It is an easy matter to tell what the people want, but the man who can give it to them is one in a million. When Edward H. Sothern wrote "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes," he brought intelligence, education and the best of stage training to it. Yet it was a most inglorious failure and "the light," dim at best, soon went out. He had too much of what the non-professional tyro at play-writing usually lacks—stage experience—and his technical knowledge defeated its self. Yet, an actor (who shall be nameless) and who has recently joined the let-me-be-interviewed-as-much-as-possible coterie, has told the public that he is tired of being bothered by the receipt of plays to read,

for which he has not asked. He gets, he says, on an average, 200 plays a year and confesses that he doesn't read them. Just what he would do with the amateurs who presume to write plays is not quite clear, but I venture to suggest that time

this actor has missed something in those 200 annual manuscripts.

Occasionally a celebrity writes a play and finds no market for it. George Bernard Shaw is such a man. His dramas have been set down quite generally as



NANCE O'NEIL,—A NEW PHOTO BY CHICKERING

was—and not so very long ago either—when Clyde Fitch (whom this actor names as one of the few possible playwrights in this country) was himself an amateur, who often confessed that managers would not read his plays. Perhaps

impossible from a business standpoint. Yet, Mr. Arnold Daly has made himself a star by productions of "Candida" and "The Man of Destiny." Bernard Shaw's humor is generally somewhat saturnine and, supposedly above the heads of the

average, yet New York appears to have taken kindly to it. This can be explained, perhaps, by the fact that an antidote to the puerile wit of the run of present-day playwrights was welcomed. It may be—note, please, the “may be”—that after all the “average theater-goer” at whom the managers aim all their shafts is just a wee bit more of a thinker than believed. Perhaps plays that demand a greater degree of intelligence than is required to understand Clyde Fitch drama would find that intelligence. Who knows?

The increased prosperity of Shakespeare productions would seem to indicate something of this sort. Otis Skinner and Ada Rehan have been a great success in “The Taming of the Shrew”—which is Shakespeare, although a loud-talking lady in the Boston Theater a few weeks since insisted that Augustin Daly adapted it from the German. “Twelfth Night” has served Viola Allen and the Ben Greet players to good advantage. The Century Players made “Much Ado About Nothing” liked, although Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld’s glowing periods about his aims and aspirations seem to have been scarcely realized in the performance. Forbes Robertson and his beautiful wife, Gertrude Elliott, played to depressing business in Kipling’s widely advertised “The Light That Failed” and then scored heavily in “Hamlet.” The last named must have been a good performance, if the story that is told of it be true. Two newsboys, runs the tale, were in the gallery of a New York theater where the tragedy was being played. The bloody last act was at an end. The King and the Queen had drunk the poisoned cup and died. Læertes had found death by the sword and Hamlet’s spirit had taken flight. The curtain slowly descended amid a deathly stillness. Then came the clattering of feet in the gallery and a boyish voice shrilled out:

“Hurry up, Billy! Hustle now! Dey’ll get out an extry on dis, sure!”

But revivals of old plays are not always so inspiring. When Nance O’Neil resurrected the moribund dramatization of Sir Walter Scott’s “Guy Mannering” in

order to play Meg Merrilies, she found that the public could not be induced to care for the dull old melodrama. One of two things is certain: either Charlotte Cushman, who made the role of Meg famous, vitalized the play by a sheer tour de force, or we have advanced materially in our tastes. The witch impressed less than a well built scarecrow, old Dominie Sampson was an insufferable bore and the rest of the characters had no more vitality than so many bales of hay. Yet Nance O’Neil was warmly applauded.

It is said, by the way, that the good fortune of securing Mr. John B. Schoeffel as a manager came to Miss O’Neil through Mrs. Schoeffel, who, as Agnes Booth, was for many years an ornament to the American stage. That she has faith in Miss O’Neil is the greatest compliment that actress has received, for so fine an actress as Agnes Booth Schoeffel should know good acting when she sees it.

Apropos of old plays, it is announced that Viola Allen has commissioned Stephen Phillips to write her a drama with Joan of Arc as its central figure. Why will actresses insist on trying to breathe dramatic life into this exceedingly depressing and somewhat dubious female martyr? The late Fanny Davenport met with the saddest experience of her career with “A Daughter of France,” in which she was Joan. The French soldier girl may be dramatic, but she is not alluring. Miss Allen would do well to think twice before she acts once in this direction.

Drina DeWolfe is to be a star and under no less a manager than Charles Frohman! She has been on the stage only a year or two and has not had any opportunity to manifest stellar ability. Yet as I have said before, she in some intangible fashion created the impression that she could act if she had the chance. How would it do to try her in Sardou’s new play, “The Sorceress?” She appears to have some of the qualities which one would expect in the heroine of a play with such a title.

How peculiarly American has been the furore over "Parsifal." Although generally admitted as not suited to public taste its New York performances created a series of sensations in the size of the

a head, and it is said that two of the foremost managers of the country meditate elaborate productions for next season. When Herr Conreid entered upon his protracted argument with Madam



OTIS SKINNER AS SHYLOCK

audiences. And now the managers are vieing with each other to make money out of dramatic versions of it. The "popular price" Corse Payton has given one to Brooklyn people at twenty-five cents

Wagner over his ethical rights to produce the work, did he anticipate how great an advertisement the controversy would prove? Perhaps so. Perhaps Madam Wagner also did.

THE FATE OF A BOSTON GIRL BY WIGHTMAN-FLETCHER-MELTON



SHE lived in the foothills of Wachusett Mountain, and it matters not whether she got her mail at Fitchburg or Clinton, for, when she went to Alabama to teach a country school, she said she was from Boston—and she was, really, for Squire Deems found her there, clerking in a department store, when he went East to lay in his stock of goods for the Fall trade.

The thing came about in this way: The Squire made notes of everything he wanted to get in Boston, before he left home, and then, with note book and pencil in hand, checked off the items one by one as the order was made. Finally he finished, and the salesman asked if he was sure there was nothing more; he looked over his notes carefully, and exclaimed:

"W'y, yes, by Scott, I mos' furgot 'the school teacher; I had her put down here between liver regelater an' hair pins an' mus' a checked her off with one or t'other. Do you happen to know of a firs' class Yankee girl 'at is only middlin' good lookin', toleable old but peart, 'at we could git to teach our school this winter for her board an' fifty dollars a month? We don't want her too young n'r too purty, for that kind of northern girl allus gits married the firs' year they are in Alabama; we've tried two already."

The merchant thought a moment and then sent to his retail department for Miss Florence Wagner. When she came he introduced her to the Squire and explained what was wanted, prefacing the remark with the statement that her place in the store would be difficult to fill, but

that he had heard her express a desire to reside in the South, and he knew she was fully competent to teach a school. She appreciated the unselfishness of her employer and in a few minutes engaged herself to teach the school, and also agreed to accompany the Squire on his homeward trip—starting the next afternoon.

When she had gone for a settlement with the cashier, and to begin the hurried preparations for the trip, the Squire said: "Cap'n, I think that woman 'll fill the bill to a T Y; she is rather young, but she talks like she is got plenty of good horse sense, an' then she's not so all-fired purty in the face, but, by Scott, she's built by a good pattern! Our young fellers goes as much on figger as they do on face; but seems to be settled an' I guess if these smart lookin' ducks I see so thick in youf town ain't caught her yet, our rough country boys'll jus' look on."

On the way South the Squire informed Miss Wagner that he was a married man, that his wife weighed two hundred and sixty-three pounds, and that they always boarded the teacher at their house, both because they lived nearest to the school, and that was his method of contributing his part towards the teacher's salary. He also gave her full and complete information in regard to the number and ages of her pupils, the methods employed by former teachers, and an estimate of their success. He ventured to tell her about the marriage of her two predecessors and that a young doctor at home had

asked that this teacher be selected for him.

There was one thing the Squire told her that worried her no little, but she did not let him know it. It was in regard to Jim Boyd, the only grown pupil she would have. Jim had made it lively for all the men teachers they had employed and had not attended the last two schools because the teachers were women; but it was understood that Jim had made up his mind to attend one more session and finish his education with that if the teacher would treat him right and give him a fair showing.

A Saturday and Sunday intervened between the arrival of Miss Wagner and the opening of the school. On the Sunday afternoon young Dr. Petty called to inquire how the Squire had stood his trip. When he was about to leave, the Squire said: "Hol' on, Doc, by Scott, you mus' meet our new teacher; she's not purty enough to need medical 'tention, but she is shore A No. 1."

The doctor and Miss Wagner seemed mutually pleased; and that night the last thing old Mrs. Deems said to her husband was: "Squire Deems, you do beat all I ever seen. You grumbled about the las' two teachers a gettin' married so soon, an' here you are tryin' to work up another match right off." The Squire had snored once, but he awoke sufficiently to say: "'Randy, can't you tell when a feller is got a eye to business? If Doc Petty gets to visitin' our house reg'ler it won't cost narry member of our fambly a cent to have th'r tongues looked at real often."

Monday morning, eight o'clock, Beech Spring school opened with twenty-eight pupils, and Squire Deems boasted that "ten of 'em is Deemses; four of 'em is mine, an' Bud's his'n is six." The ages of the pupils ranged from seven to fifteen, with the exception of Jim Boyd, who was over twenty-one and sat on the back bench by a window, alone. His presence awed the timid young teacher, who was not quite twenty, and who, for policy's sake, when Mrs. Deems asked her age, said: "Something under thirty,

but don't mention it, for Boston girls do not like to grow old one bit."

When the other pupils had been enrolled and assigned lessons, Miss Wagner nodded to Jim Boyd, but when he arose, six feet two, she felt her nerves giving way and asked him to be seated for just a minute, while she pretended to be adjusting a hair pin. Presently she went over to where he sat, introduced herself, and was pleased to find him far enough advanced to make the teaching interesting for her. She drew him out and found that he was a great reader, a close student of natural history, and a practical young farmer, whose ambition was to be up-to-date. He made no reference to his former record as a schoolboy, and did not hesitate to obey every suggestion of his new teacher, who, while she appeared brave enough, could hear her heart beating with real fright.

At noon all ate their dinners from pails and baskets. When Jim had finished he went out and sat on a log by the door and whittled and whistled. Miss Wagner remained in the schoolroom and read Payne's "Theory and Practice of Teaching," hoping to find some suggestion as to how a teacher should manage pupils older and larger than herself. She turned leaf after leaf and said to herself: "I wish Dr. Payne had said exactly how Miss Florence Wagner, nineteen years old, five feet six inches high, should manage Mr. James Boyd, twenty-two years old, six feet two inches high, and with the reputation of a bully." Turning to an inviting chapter she found this much guidance and thanked the Lord for it: "A teacher can often secure obedience from an unruly pupil by asking some little favor."

During the forenoon the teacher had several times caught young Boyd looking quizzically at her, and it had so unsettled her nerves that she was on the point of giving up the school and returning to the counter in Boston. She put aside the book and walked down to the spring. When she returned to call school together she found Jim already in his place rattling a slate pencil over

some problem, or, for all she knew, writing out a list of rules for her guidance. She had not missed him from the log, and his presence in the room really startled her. As they were alone she felt like she ought to say something, but she couldn't think of anything to say.

hesitating to consider whether it was the thing to do or not, she asked: "Mr. Boyd, would you be so kind as to tie my shoe for me?" This request made her complete master of the situation and almost took Jim's breath, but he promptly came forward, saying "With pleasure,"



"FUMBLING WITH THE STRING LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE TIED SIX SHOES"

She thought of Dr. Payne's advice, but Jim had not been unruly, and, besides, she knew of nothing she wanted done. By some strange providence she chanced to look towards the floor and saw the loose end of her shoe string. Without

dropped down on one knee and fumbled with the string long enough to have tied six shoes. He said something about all his fingers being thumbs, by way of apology for his slowness; the teacher thanked him, and the afternoon of the first day

passed off pleasantly.

That evening the Squire was delighted to learn that the teacher had experienced no difficulty with her grown pupil. He suggested that "Since him an' Doc Petty begun courtin' the same girl, about six months ago, Jim has been walkin' mighty straight, but I guess Petty'll git her, for wimen, you know, is pow'ful after puf-fessional men," and then presuming on his brief acquaintance with Miss Wagner, he added: "You bein' so much stylisher than our home girls I guess Doc'll be comin' here right often, which'll give Jim Boyd more showin' with Lou Skinner." She blushed and said something about her business being to teach the school for them to the best of her ability.

That night Jim dreamed that he was in heaven and that St. Peter had placed him just inside the pearly gate to fasten the golden slippers on the trim ankles of all the young teachers from Boston. Succeeding days found him one of the most obedient pupils in the school. His teacher always spoke well of him and took real interest in his progress, but not such as would occasion any comment.

Although no one knew it but Jim, he was soon desperately in love with his teacher. He dared not let her know it for he knew she was made and handed down for some man with great wealth, or a profession, such as is often falsely regarded as above that of the farmer.

Dr. Petty's attention to Miss Lou Skinner became less marked as the winter wore away, because Miss Wagner was dividing the time with her. The teacher seemed to enjoy the doctor's company, but was slow in reciprocating his affection.

Jim Boyd told Miss Skinner, the last time he visited her, which was a week before he ever saw or heard of Miss Wagner: "I think the jig is up with me, Lou; it used to be me all the time, till Petty came, and now it's him two-thirds of the time and fifth Sundays thrown in. I'll just quit till somebody comes along that the doctor likes better than he does you, then maybe you will give me another chance." When the chance came, Jim said to himself: "The one I can get, I

don't want now, and the one Petty and I both want, neither of us could get unless we were president of the United States of America."

Jim and Miss Skinner remained good friends, and once when she asked him in regard to the doctor's attention to Miss Wagner, he waived scruples and told her the doctor's practice had been very heavy all winter and that it was his opinion that the doctor was not thinking much about the teacher and that the teacher had left her heart in Boston.

Miss Wagner allowed the doctor to visit her because he talked entertainingly but she thought him a little conceited and on one occasion rebuked him rather severely for speaking unkindly of Miss Skinner, whom he continued to visit. He thought she was intimating that she would like all his attention devoted to her, but she promptly informed him that if he had matrimony on the brain he would do well to give all his time to Miss Skinner or someone else.

To a school girl friend in Massachusetts Miss Wagner wrote: "I have found the manliest young fellow in the world. His name is James Boyd. He is six feet two, has dark hair, brown eyes, broad shoulders, lots of good common sense and a heart as big as the earth. The funny part of it all is, he is my pupil and does not know how I love him, and, while I think he is fond of me, he is evidently afraid to tell me about it. He is nearly two years older than I and while I am more advanced in text-books than he, his well-shaped head is full of the stuff that books are made of."

As the close of school drew near Jim swore in his heart that if he ever got near enough to his teacher again to tie her shoe he would tell her how he loved her even if she expelled him from school for it. And then he wondered why high-topped shoes never got untied.

With the advent of the month of May the teacher came out in pretty high-heeled, buttoned slippers and Jim said: "It's all over with me now, for buttons do not get untied."

The last day of school Jim was sick.

He was there ready for his examination, but his teacher could see that he was unable to undertake the work. She told him his marks had been so satisfactory she was willing to excuse him. He reminded her that he lacked one of passing in ge-

divisions of land and water."

Jim went to his desk and chewed an inch off his penstaff before he could decide just what to write. He looked up to see if his teacher was observing him. Their eyes met for a second, and said



"APPROACHED THE TEACHER'S DESK * * * LET FALL THE FOLDED PAPER"

ography and said he would like to take the examination in that subject. She replied in the tenderest, sweetest voice Jim had ever heard: "Mr. Boyd, I will not give you any questions, you may just write two or three pages on the natural

something to each other that no tongue in any language could express—Jim thought so, anyway, and decided that as he was about to lose all in the world he cared for he could afford to run a big risk. Once started, he wrote hurriedly:

"A Cape is the extreme point of hope which my heart projects into uncertainty."

"An Island is my life surrounded by unsympathetic hearts when you go back to Boston."

"An Isthmus is any kind providence that might connect your life and mine."

"A Mountain is the elevation upon which your love would place my life."

"A Desert is this world without you."

"A Volcano is my heart right now."

"The Gulf Stream is my warm affection following you from Alabama to Massachusetts."

"A Harbor is your dear heart if there mine may anchor and dwell in safety."

PLEDGE.

"I have not given aid because I was afraid to, and have received none, but I trust that I may."

JAMES.

With an ashy-pale face he approached the teacher's desk, and from his trembling hand, let fall the folded paper where others lay. His teacher, seeing his condition, suggested that he go down to the

spring and bathe his face in the cold water.

After awhile he ventured back, supposing that Miss Wagner would not look over the papers till the afternoon. When he entered the room she did not look up. At his desk he found his paper, folded just as it was when he gave it to the teacher. He almost fainted. He knew he had insulted her and he would have run out of the room and into the woods but for the fact that he would have to pass so near to where she sat. He dared to glance toward her as she examined other papers. She did not appear displeased. He put his hand on his own paper and it felt like fire. He opened it, and, O, Heaven! at the foot of the page was written "100" and signed "Flossie."

Some one was wondering one day how Jim Boyd ever came to be president of a bank and the owner of some of the finest cotton plantations in west Alabama. Squire Deems was in the crowd and promptly replied: "I'm the whole cause of it, sir; I brung his wife here f'm Boston to teach school for us. What Jim don't know she does."

WALT WHITMAN AS I KNEW HIM

By COLONEL JAMES MATLACK SCOVEL

AUTHOR OF "PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN," ETC.

I KNEW Walt Whitman and knew him well for twenty-five years, and his name will outlive that of the secretary of the interior from Iowa who turned him out of a clerkship in Washington because he had written "Leaves of Grass." When Washington seemed no longer to desire his society—the official rulers at least—he came to Camden, New Jersey, and began to board with his brother, a man of considerable prominence. It is said that while Walt lived in Washington, Lincoln was struck with his personal appearance and spoke of his "physical pulchritude."

I never belonged to any of the Whitman "cult," and I think the finest poem

he ever wrote was "Captain, My Captain!" and there is no finer English prose than Whitman's essay on Robert Burns.

When he first came to Camden, he was suffering with partial paralysis in one limb and was poor in purse, and he was then as proud of his "Leaves of Grass" as he was when it was later accepted at its present valuation.

Many newspapers sent the book back to Mr. Whitman with contumely and bitter criticism, but he never lost faith in himself and he lived to see those that scorned him become his fast literary and personal friends for life.

Sir Edward Arnold of England, who

spent several weeks with the "good gray poet," as he called him said: "To my mind Whitman is the first of the American poets. His simplicity charms me. His 'Leaves of Grass' never leave my desk and I agree with that well known writer who says, 'Millet, Wagner and Whitman lived in the open air; with towns and cities they have small sympathies. They felt themselves no better, no wiser than common folks; they associated with working men and toiling women; they had no definite ideas as to who was bad and who was good.'" Among other things Arnold the poet remarked of Mr. Whitman, was this: "The stubborn firmness with which Walt Whitman waited, when an unwilling world scorned his first book, recalls the courage of Jean Rousseau, when he wrote of one of his own books, 'God bless what I have written and what I abide by.'"

And there are other points from which the character of these two men approached each other. Rousseau sent his illegitimate children to a foundling hospital in Paris, while Walt let his two boys grow up in Washington. He always spoke of his life in Brooklyn, when he rode on the top of the New York omnibus and dined every day at Pfaff's celebrated restaurant (now gone into innocuous desuetude), where he met William North, an English Bohemian, who killed himself; and Fitz O'Brien and other great men of literary brilliancy, as the happiest years of his life.

It was during this period of his life he became acquainted with Fannie Fern, who loaned him \$500 and who became very much attached to him. Among those who first publicly proclaimed Walt Whitman a man of genius was William O'Conner, a young literary man employed in the treasury department at Washington. O'Conner had made his mark by an able essay declaring that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. In the first number of Putnam's Magazine, the first article in that number, will be found a highly eulogistic and romantic story, eminently readable, woven out of the fact that Whitman was at one time a carpenter and from this

fact O'Conner drew a likeness between his friend Whitman and the Savior of mankind. This was a wild sketch from an imaginative writer, but the article of O'Conner was a very finished and elegant production, exhibiting his unbounded admiration of the old poet.

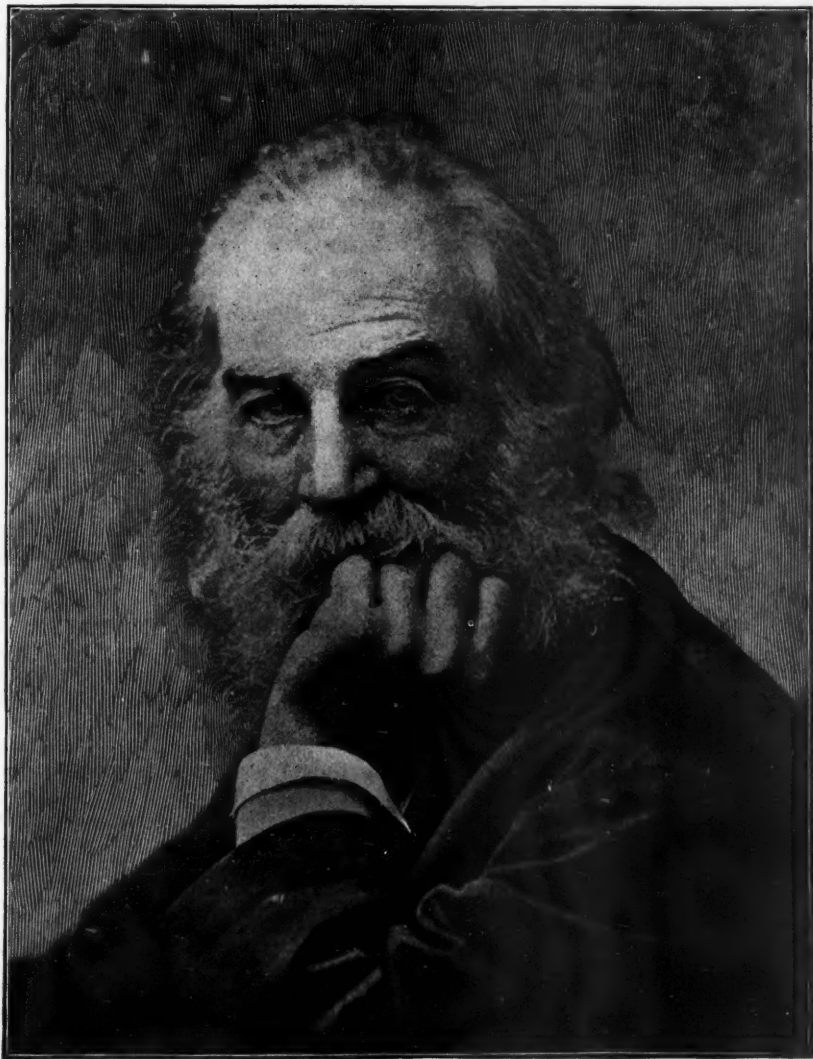
Shortly after this I wrote at the request of Mr. Whitman, for the Springfield, Massachusetts, Republican, an article of two columns, giving his literary history up to the date of that article. This article was quoted entire in the New York Tribune and the New York World. This gave the gaining Whitman cause a decided boom. Shortly after this the largest publishing house in Boston entered into a contract with the "good gray poet" to give him \$5,000 to publish his works. Then trouble began. The attorney general of Massachusetts intervened and declared the work "indecent" and not fit for publication. Certain poems were retained, others rejected.

The Boston firm agreed to stand by their contract with Whitman, provided he would agree to leave out some of the broadest passages of his poems. His prompt answer by return mail was: "All or none. What I have written I abide by. All of it." The Boston firm did not print the book. Whitman did not get the \$5,000. But he never cared for money. He sent for me the next day after he had written the letter and looking serene and unconcerned he read me his letter, and said: "The life of genius is active warfare. I can wait. My time is sure to come!"

I remember the man next to the managing editor of the Philadelphia Press, who called on Mr. Whitman at his Mickle street house and found him eating a frugal meal in his sanctum, consisting of pork-chops and coffee on a plain dry-goods box. Walt had a touch of Diogenes in him. The editor of the Press said: "Mr. Whitman, won't you permit me to send you my check for \$50 for your present necessities." The tears were in his eyes, but Whitman looked toward me with a twinkle and said, 'Mr. ———, if I really need this money I will send a mes-

senger for it.' " Mr. Whitman had at that time a larger bank-account than the editor of the Press. For the friendship and

Whitman quite independent at that time. He told me himself he was in Boston with John Boyle O'Reilly of The Pilot—and



"THE GOOD GREY POET"

donations of the Rossettis, Tennyson, Symonds the poet and Sir Edwin Arnold and other Englishmen, had made Mr.

they dearly loved each other. While they were dining at a prominent hotel, an editor of one of the leading papers of Bos-

ton came in hurriedly and gave the news of the death of President Garfield, with an offer to each of them of \$100 for a poem on Garfield for the morning issue of his paper. O'Reilly accepted, but Whitman declined, saying, "My genius does not work under pressure."

It was about this time that Ralph Waldo Emerson, who had spoken very warmly the year before of Mr. Whitman's poetry, took it into his head to recall his words of genuine praise. Walt showed me the paper a few days later. I says: "Old man, how do you like that?" He replied without a change of muscle, "My reputation depends on no man. Time will decide for me."

He had no more energetic friend than Arnold, the English poet, who, finding in conversation with the good gray poet that Whitman did not at that time own his house on Mickle street, went over to George W. Childs, editor of the Philadelphia Ledger and told him this fact. Childs immediately bought the house, which still belongs to the Childs estate, and here the old poet spent many of his happiest days. His room on the second floor was always littered with papers nearly a foot deep and had a small wood stove in the shape of an "aquatic fowl," which he always called "the duck," where upon many a Winter afternoon the old poet would mix up a tumbler of Scotch whiskey punch and when reasonably merry would sing us a song about "Naper Tandy and Ireland"—"the most distracted country that ever yet was seen."

I remember him best at dinner. He used to come to my house almost every Sunday during the Winter. His favorite tippie was champagne. He would bring his budget, his news from his English friends (some of whom I knew), who were far more demonstrative in their affections than our friends in America. But he was a most companionable man, full of camaraderie, and would read to us by the low-down grate fire in the parlor these stories of friendly affection from the other side of the Atlantic. About four o'clock in the after-

noon the servant would bring in the tea-kettle and the Scotch whiskey, and the poet would brew a punch and explain with Christopher North's friend, O'Doherty (of the O'Doherty papers), that the right way to make a punch was "to put in the lemon in the tumbler, fill it with whiskey and every drop of water after that spoiled the punch."

These were rare, companionable and joyous days, and the old poet would linger till nine o'clock, and if it rained or there was snow on the ground, his faithful housekeeper, Mrs. Mary O. Davis, would call at 113 Arch street—my house—and the old man, wrapping his shawl about him in a happy mood would proceed to his modest Mickle street house.

Sometimes, when we surrounded the airtight stove of his sanctum, the young men would seek out some of the highly colored poems and recite them.

It never angered him, and he would simply say, "You boys seem to prefer the broadest passages of my poems—well, I suppose that suits you best."

I have said he was a Bohemian: he lived close to nature; and when the sunny skies of June would come, he accepted the invitation of John Stafford, a New Jersey farmer, for a week's outing among the Stafford woods, and it was his habit to go down beside a little trout brook, and in puris naturalibus Walt would lie under the shade of an oak tree from eight o'clock till noon. His taste in poetry was excellent. He was fond of Dante, and often quoted from one of Dante's Canzones, which he thought was unequalled for simplicity, at once tender and sublime. It was a tribute to Beatrice.

Ascended is our Beatrice to the highest heaven;

To those realms where angels dwell in peace;

And you her fair companions, and Love and me,

She has left, alas! behind.

It was not the frost of Winter, nor was it the heat of Summer that withered her;

It was the power of her virtue, her humility and her truth

That ascended into heaven, and moved
the eternal Father

To call her to Him, seeing that this
miserable life was not worthy for
anything so pure and so excellent.

Mr. Whitman was fond of telling anecdotes of his mother, for whom he cherished a most tender recollection; and she seemed to have endowed him with that gentle chivalry of nature in regard to her sex. He was very fond of Jean Richter, from whose flower and fruit pieces he used often to quote the exquisite definition of a kiss:

"How a kiss which is a first and last one blooms throughout a whole life as the everlasting double rose of the silent lips and glowing souls."

Not strange that woman idolized Whitman, and that the little two-story frame house in Camden was the shrine of her worship. One gracious lady from Boston wrote him thus: "Dear Walt—I desire that you should know that you have become very dear to me. I am still young enough, as Tennyson says, to love you 'the closest and sweetest.' Why can't I come on and take care of you. It would make life one grand, sweet song."

One night he said a bad "blurr" came

over his head, and he remembered that Boyle O'Reilly had entrusted him with a package of love letters for a friend, and fearing he might die before morning he put them in the airtight stove and destroyed them.

Among the big men Whitman attracted to him were John Swinton and John Burroughs, the latter famous as a lover of birds. They visited him till his last hours. Of John Swinton of the Tribune, Grant says in his memoirs, "I saved him after he was sentenced to be shot for exhibiting too much zeal as a war correspondent."

Walt Whitman in the twenty-five years that I knew him never spoke ill of man or woman. He accepted the applause of the world with the genius of a strong man, and with that humility that is beyond power. His friends had made his last years full of ease and independence. He built a monument that cost him \$4,000 and left \$8,000. The city of Camden on a beautiful day wept for him, and Robert J. Ingersoll, the orator, delivered at the grave of the old poet what we have a right to call a great eulogy, just in its praise and fixing dear Walt's home in the Walhalla of America's honored dead.

PRAIRIE DOGS



Photograph by Mrs. C. W. Boynton, Longmont, Colorado
PIONEERS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS

"SOCIAL UNREST"

By ANNIE C. MUIRHEAD

I hear of strikes and labour-wars and broil—
Then does my mind with glad relief revive!
Who use their freedom still for more to strive
Will ignorance outgrow and treachery foil!
What though the wind raised by the rude turmoil
Should shake the skirts of them in ease that thrive?
Thank God, the People is at least alive,
Not sunk to silence through a deadening toil!
But when It watches in dull misery
Leisure, and Wealth, and Joy, go past its door,
And acquiesces: "These are not for me!"
And patiently plods on for evermore—
That wrings my heart! I cannot bear to see
The awful patience of the very poor!

A SPRING EPISODE

By ROSE THORN

NOT far from the house stood an old apple tree with low, wide-spreading branches. One day in April I saw a woodpecker busily at work upon one of the lower limbs of this tree. How he was making the chips fly! I watched for an hour or so, and then, after a long consultation with his mate, the little feathered carpenter flew away. To my surprise they did not return, although I kept a strict lookout for several days. Evidently they had concluded between themselves that that particular limb, upon that particular tree was not suited to their housekeeping minds, after all.

I was so disappointed, but not for long.

One day as I went to the window to cast one more regretful look at the abandoned excavation I was overjoyed to see a pair of bluebirds inspecting the premises. It so happened that I was at leisure and I eagerly hunted out some sewing and sat down by the window to watch proceedings. Although I was very careful not to make sudden movements, apparently I was not taken the slightest notice of.

Mr. Bluebird sat on a swaying twig twittering sweet things to his dainty

wife, while she was as busy as could be taking stock of the possible building site. In and out, in and out she flitted, turning her head on this side and on that, while she considered different household problems. Several times did she sit down as though trying the comfort of the space, as I might try a new chair. Evidently there are as many things to think of and weigh well in bird housekeeping as in human affairs; at least, nearly as many. And her husband—apparently—never once said a word about her being fussy. All his remarks sounded very sweet and encouraging.

At last it was all decided and, in some unaccountable way—how I wished I could understand—communicated to the patient male, and they fell blithely to work to do a little more excavating, a little more enlarging, and then flew away for building material. At least I hoped so.

Hardly had they disappeared before, a pair of detestable English sparrows flew into the tree. After the manner of their kind, they had seen something attract another bird and immediately determined to wrest it away. "Yes," said I, indig-

nantly, "you've undoubtedly been watching until all the hardest work was done." Little they cared for my opinion. They did the customary chattering and spying, and the female finally hopped inside the entrance of the new residence, while her spouse fluttered his wings and increased his harsh, rasping chirps. Such uncomfortable voices as these sparrows have to say nice things in!

At this juncture the bluebirds returned. The intruders gave instant battle, never doubting but that they could bully any small bird out of possession; but they had evidently never before made the acquaintance of bluebirds.

Such a battle as that was! Talk about blue lightning! I saw it then and it struck often and unerringly. The noise of the combat was fairly deafening, but short-lived. I soon rejoiced to see my valiant Blues drive the would-be robbers out of sight; and I may add right here that they didn't once again all summer, venture within fifty feet of that tree.

Now the building began. I couldn't stay to watch it, but spread a few bits of tow string upon the window-sill, hoping to save the birds' work and at the same time show my good will.

For more than a week I was too busy to attend to birds; then, one bright day, I sat down at the window to look at them for a few minutes. My first glance into the tree caused me to give an involuntary gasp of affright. Through the little hole could be seen the head of Lady Blue, who was evidently sitting; while not a foot from her, sprawled out on the limb, was my own little six-year-old.

I gently raised the window and called, "Laurie, come here quick!"

His foot sought the step-ladder against the tree; he clambered down and came in with, "What is it, Mamma?"

"Why, my dear child, you mustn't get up in that tree; you'll scare the birds away from their nest. Surely you wouldn't wish to do that. Just think how pleased you were to have them come there."

The little wiseacre chuckled softly as he reached up and patted my cheek, say-

ing: "Oh, Mamma, where have you been? Didn't you know that I'd been there every day for ever so long?"

"Most certainly no." And then I remembered that I had missed him several times of late.

"But Laurie, doesn't it frighten the birds? It surely must. You must not go there any more."

Laurie laughed out and gave me a hug. "Why, Mamma, the poor birds would be hungry then, for I'm feeding her."

"Feeding her?"

"Yes; of course."

"What do you feed her with?"

For answer, he pulled from his little pocket a small angle-worm; two more angle-worms; then a short white worm. I was too dumbfounded to speak; but he, saying as he put the worms carefully back into his pocket, "Just look, now!" ran out to the tree, climbed into it and selecting one of the worms held it out to Lady Blue. Mirabile dictu! She did not cry out, faint away, nor tumble headlong out of her nest. She quietly opened her bill and accepted what the gods gave. More still: Mr. Blue, with food in his bill, arrived in the tree just as Laurie reached his perch. He, too, exhibited no sign of alarm, but taking his station about two feet from the nest, watched and waited with evident satisfaction until the child's stock of worms was exhausted, then flew down and presented his own offering. That, too, was accepted and after a few flutterings here and there, a little love talk, a bit of pruning, he flew off again. He seemed perfectly satisfied that his family affairs were in safe hands. In fact I was the only alarmed or surprised member of the company.

I withdrew my remonstrances against Laurie's actions and every day—many times a day—this pretty little scene which I had just witnessed for the first time was repeated.

When the young birds appeared, Laurie fed them as he had the mother and like her they took it fearlessly from his hand; and she would sit by and watch him, no doubt very thankful for the rest which she got from her maternal duties.

THE HOME

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

By HENRY D. PERKY

PRESIDENT OF OREAD INSTITUTE

To many people domestic science brings up a vision of pots and kettles and their contents and the thought that this great science relates solely to the work in the kitchen. But when one has studied the matter the subject takes on a new meaning, has deeper significance, and there comes the consciousness that a knowledge of domestic science is of vital importance to the home, to parents and to children. The deeper one looks into the subject the firmer the belief in the necessity of teaching children a knowledge of this science, if we would best prepare them to achieve success in life.

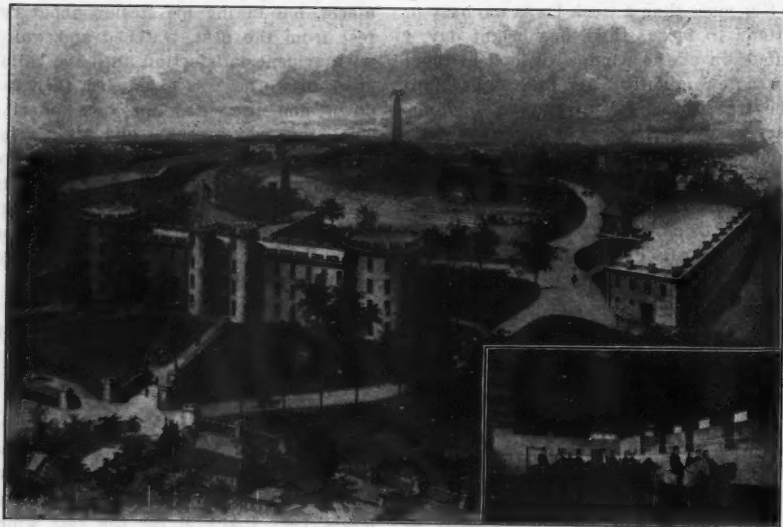
Domestic science is the science of living, and points the way to a better solution of the problems of life, whether relating to the home, to business, to the profession or the state.

It seems to the teacher of domestic science that it is far more essential to the welfare of children that they be first

taught the means to acquire health, physical strength, good teeth, and how to work with the hands, and the value of these things, than that they should be burdened with Latin, Greek, etc., to the exclusion of practical means of gratifying high ideals.

It is the conviction of the advocates of domestic science that there is more real art involved in the knowledge of how to properly cook and serve a good meal than in "soul-racking" piano playing. They accept as sound doctrine a saying of the wise Chinaman, Confucius, that "the frugal meal builds the body and music completes the edifice." Without harmony there is no music. Physical health is the base of harmony, and domestic science is the science, to live in harmony with which, means health.

The advocates of domestic science do not hold in contempt the schools and colleges devoted to the so-called higher education, but take note of conditions as they exist. They find for instance many agricultural colleges which seek to teach agriculture with the result that only a small per cent. of the graduates of



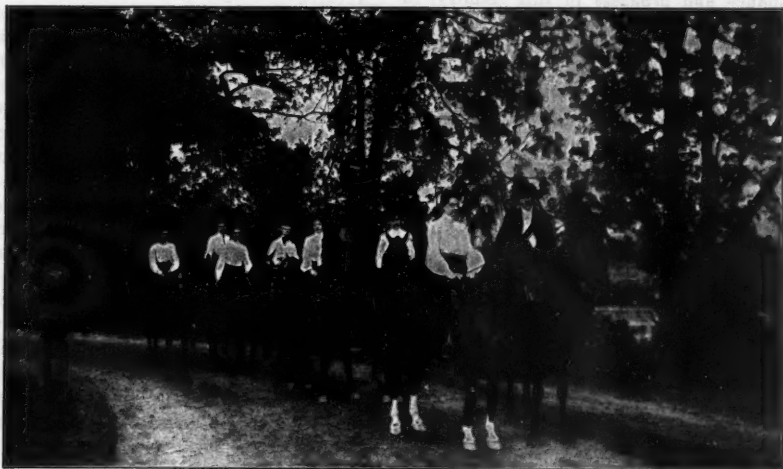
OREAD INSTITUTE, MR. PERKY'S FAMOUS SCHOOL AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

some of these institutions become farmers. Instead of practical farmers these institutions are turning out the usual product of theoretical teaching.

Upon one point you will find the rank and file of business men agreed, and that is that the average college bred man is too often seeking an "easy job" either because of the lack of physical strength to do a day's work, or, not having been taught the dignity of labor, he looks upon work (man's choicest blessing), as drudgery, and for this condition, mistake and handicap, his education is responsible. He lacks not only physical

all ways. Why should not our schools teach how to work?

A practical knowledge of domestic science makes plain the fact that the power of correct decision comes from the experience of doing things, working with one's hands, learning how to do by doing; for thus we become acquainted with the realities confronting us and become possessed of a power impossible through the medium of only a theoretical education. Besides, by knowing how to work with the hands, even though not thus exclusively employed, one becomes capable of a proper sympathy with those who are the workers, the real producers of wealth.



OREAD GIRLS STUDYING ONE OF THEIR LESSONS

strength to work, but, not having worked with his hands, lacks the power of correct decision in matters that confront him on every turn. He is out of tune, not in harmony with conditions and has many wants, without earning capacity to gratify them. The world having need for efficient workers finds saddled upon it another incompetent, and all because under our system of education he has not been taught how to work. It is the inexorable law, a law of Infinite wisdom, that "man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow" or suffer the disadvantages of inferior development in

He who is thus equipped is capable of successfully directing the work of employees. It is the theoretically equipped manager, foreman or housewife who become "chesty" and causes the trouble.

Is it not strange that the community which supports the greatest number of educational institutions, such institutions as come with wealth and age of country, also supports the largest jails, asylums, hospitals and homes for the mentally and physically defective?

The teacher of domestic science seeks no argument with the doctor yet views

with apprehension the fact that the more doctors we have the more diseases man is afflicted with; the more dentists the poorer the people's teeth, and in the great centers of education we find more medicine shops than food stores.

Domestic science teaches its pupils to regard drugs as even a questionable means of patching up conditions the result of avoidable error, to abhor makeshifts and points out to be avoided the things that poison the pathway of life.

Those who control the purse of the world, who own the great newspapers, the gigantic stores and great banking institutions, those who lead in commerce, finance and progress in this country, in fact in the world, are the Jews, and this is largely due to the fact that they have been guided by an important branch of domestic science. A religion that provides a healthy diet cannot fail to minister to the health and progress of those who embrace it. The first text book on domestic science was written by Moses and his people have greatly profited by his teachings.

While the Jews have embraced one branch of domestic science we find the Japanese have embraced another. In Japan fresh air and cleanliness are paramount. The people wash themselves early and often. A nation whose people wash themselves is on the high road to success in war or peace, for between the washed and the unwashed there is no question of supremacy, either in courage or intelligence.

It is not the province of domestic science to become involved in disputes between capital and labor, for the student of domestic science will have pointed out to him that while labor is demanding more pay for less work, and capital is demanding more work for less pay, domestic science is demanding good food, fresh air, adequate bathing facilities, comfortable workshops and a better understanding of the law governing man's true relation to man to the end that he may not quarrel and fight but co-operate and fraternize.

Alienation from natural spheres is the result of the peculiar education of the youths of our country. Both son and daughter do not care to remain on the farm. At school they get "higher ideals."

If the reader will take the trouble to follow the trend of the times he will find as a result of the work of our schools that the industry or business of the father is not congenial to the son and that the daughter speaks apologetically of the methods of the mother.

Business men realize the serious defects in our school system and the importance of better education. Though progress on right lines is being made it is so slow that they are starting schools in their factories and stores to prepare their employes for a better understanding of their duties, both to their employers and themselves, thus giving them an education that results in mutual advantage.

The tendency of the times in this matter is in the right direction, for manual training, including domestic science, is being taught in some of our most advanced schools and there is a growing public sentiment in favor of this very necessary improvement in education. But in nearly all these schools of the progressive spirit too little time is given to the practical side of the work and this will continue to be so until more favorable public sentiment is created and until teachers specially educated for this work are provided.

Oread Institute of Domestic Science, Worcester, Massachusetts, has for its motto, "We learn to do by doing," and the graduates of this institution are among the foremost teachers of domestic science in the country.

Our present system of education alienates young women from their natural sphere, or from a life of so-called "drudgery" into the field of speculation, chance. Work that is drudgery is so only when those who attempt it have not been taught how to work.

The work of the skilled is always a pleasure, a great privilege, the greatest of blessings.

MAYTIME

By LUTIE G. RICHARDS

IT was in the Maytime, laddie, when the apple blossoms were pink upon the trees, and all the fields and woods were starred with flowers.

Cowslips made a carpet of gold in the meadow, and in little hollows were patches of violets that minded me of bits of the blue sky fallen down like your eyes, dear laddie.

Ah! I remember as it were but yesterday—yet it is long ago—so long ago! We had gone for a day's holiday; had left the factory, with its whirr and dust and grime, and had gone with a crowd of lads and lassies for a long, delicious day in the fields and woods, "a day in God's green country," we said. And while the others gathered their arms full of bloom-cowslips and violets and sweet pink may-flowers, and the lovely white "wake-robin," standing so tall and stately, like vestal virgins, guarding the temple of the wood—while they laughed and danced in the sunshine, we two loitered behind, and you told me the sweet old story, ever new, ever beautiful, to a maiden who loves.

And I loved you, laddie, in that sweet Maytime. And I love you now, after the cruel years have robbed my cheek of its bloom, and stolen the gold from my hair. And I shall love you as long as my heart can beat—and after, mayhap—who knows? Oh, well do I remember the day, laddie—every smallest detail is graven upon my heart. We were in a narrow road that wound 'round a wooded hill, on either side was a hedge of wild cherry, a mass of snowy bloom. The scent of it was in our nostrils, the air was pulsing with bird melody, it seemed as though all the birds of all the woods were singing for very joy of life and love.

The hedge of cherry-bloom was so close on either side the narrow road that only flecks of sunshine peeped between the leaves, but no shadow touched me, for the joy of that sweet, old-new story you were

telling me glorified all nature that golden day.

How well I remember the words you whispered—words too sweet, too precious, too sacred to utter—I treasure them in my heart, I whisper them in the silence, I twine them 'round my memory like a golden girdle. We were young, we loved, we were together—what more could we ask of life? So, hand in hand we crossed the cowslip meadow and joined the lads and lassies, laden with their fragrant burden of flowers. They made merry jest of our empty hands, but we cared just naught at all for that, for into our life had bloomed a fairer flower than all their fragrant load.

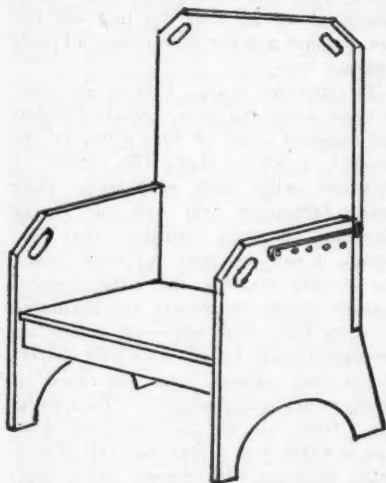
'Tis Maytime again. I sit in my doorway and watch the merry crowd of youths and maidens start off for "a day in the woods." I know they will return at eventime, with loads of flowers; their hearts brimming over with the joy of Maytime. I know whither they are bound; I can see, with my eyes closed, the cowslip meadow, the little dimpled hollows where the violets are beginning to open their blue eyes—can again see the narrow path fringed with wild cherry-bloom—can almost hear the song of meadow lark and bluebird. "'Tis a warm day," folks say as they pass my door. Aye, a warm day; a May day, full of sunshine, fragrant with Spring odors, jubilant with the very spirit of Spring; and my thoughts go back to the past, to that other Maytime. We were so happy; you gave me a glimpse of heaven and were tender and loving in your own bonnie way. Time went on in sun and shade—clouds hovered over us and storms came, but we had strong hands and brave hearts and best of all we had each other. And laddie, through it all, through storm and stress, through joy and sorrow, the flower of love that blossomed on that far off May day still sheds its fragrance into our life, made sweeter by sorrows shared. The Maytimes bloom and fade, and each year we hold as a sacred memorial the May day that made us one. Ah well, the journey is almost finished, laddie, and we have gone hand in hand all the way. My

heart sings for joy, your love has encompassed all my life, and I pray, as we are nearing the sunset of life, that we may go over into the dawn as we have gone all down the pathway, hand in hand, together.

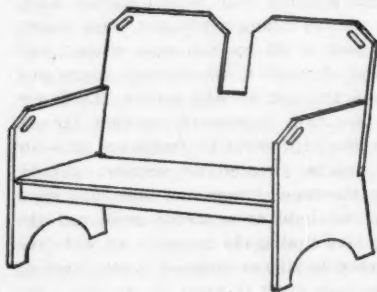
A NEAT PORCH SET

By SADA BALLARD

THE porch set illustrated can be easily made by the home carpenter. White-wood or pine may be used. The design is



so plain that but little explanation is needed. The chair has an iron hook which catches over large, strong screws, so that the back may be lowered and raised at will. With the wood stained a



green or oak color and varnished, and the seats fitted with denim cushions, the set is appropriate for the hall, library or chamber of a Summer cottage.

WOMAN'S WAY IN THE GARDEN

By JULIE ADAMS POWELL

THIS is the month the weeds come, and if allowed to grow and to flourish, it will be next to impossible to get rid of them, later on. An hour spent every day in scuffling the little pests which grow in a night will soon keep them out altogether.

Thin out your beets. Sow lettuce seed every week this month, and be sure it is some variety which will stand the hoe. Summer Sun, Tomhannock, Denver Market and Boston Market I have found to be satisfactory. Last summer we enjoyed lettuce on our table three times a day from May until the heavy frosts of Fall. I do not know of any vegetable I enjoy growing better than lettuce. I like to plant the seeds; to see them push their way through the earth; then I like to transplant the tiny plants, and keep the earth around them loose, moist and rich. I like to hoe the heads after a Summer shower, or in the early morning, while the dew is yet on them—for they seem to grow beneath my touch and look so bright that if they had the gift of speech I am sure they would thank me for the labor spent on them.

When I transplant my tender seedlings from under glass, I have already mixed in a bowl or pan a quantity of mud thinly diluted to the consistency of cream. I make a hole in the ground the size required, put in the plant and press it gently with my forefinger to the earth; then I pour around it in the hole the thin mud, then press the earth firmly about the plant and pour on more mud. In transplanting the larger plants, such as tomatoes the same system may be employed.

I hope we will all have plenty of nas-



A GARDEN WALK

turtiums this year. They give such bright returns for the little money and time spent on them. I saw such an original way of planting the nasturtium last year, and I am going to try it this year. You know that when the bridal wreath, spiria, dentzea, and other early Spring shrubs are done flowering the bushes often have a barren appearance all Summer, although covered with leaves. Well, to prevent this, plant the mixed tall nasturtiums beneath each bush and let them have their own sweet way in running, up and under, over and around the branches, and all Summer, until cut down by frost, the bushes will be flames of beauty.

Two years ago I bought a small blue ageratum plant for five cents. It grew luxuriantly in my flower bed with other plants all Summer. During August I took from the mother plant twenty-eight slips, most of which had rootlets, as the ageratum is a ground runner, taking root from the joints. These I potted at once. Twenty-five lived and all Winter they blossomed. They were covered with

bright blue flowers from September until the following March 15th, when I cut them back quite close and pinched off the buds as they appeared until May 1st. Then I allowed the buds to form and about May 20 I set out my ageratum plants, and found I had enough to border the small flower bed in which my investment was started the year before. This year my slips taken from last year's plants are in good condition and this month I shall set out about thirty thrifty young plants.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

By MABEL CHASE NORMAN

THE secret of happiness in the home is love. Pure, true, unselfish love and a great abundance of it. Enough to outweigh all pride and jealousy.

Sometimes in the home there will arise misunderstandings. Sometimes one is tired and a hasty word is spoken. Sometimes we have a "blue day" when every thing goes wrong. But to offset all these there are three small words—

I love you drives the frowns away;

I love you dries the tears;

I love you are the words to say

To brighten all the years.

I love you brings the sunny smile;

I love you cheers the heart;

I love you makes life worth the while

And bids all gloom depart.

A PLEA FOR THE ARBUTUS

By ELLA F. CORNELIUS

IN THE Spring when dear old mother earth pulls from about the faces of her tiny flowerets the downy mantle that all Winter has tucked them in so snug and warm, and with the help of old Sol shakes the drowsy little heads out of their long sleep, and the poor little buds have had scarcely time to more than half open their sleepy eyes, you may see crowds of careless mortals, deterred by neither cold nor wet, ruthlessly tramping the woods and hillsides, in search of Spring's first harbinger, the dainty arbutus.

And we wonder if it can be a real love for the beautiful little flower that so modestly hides itself, or the wish to be first in its wanton destruction, that prompts this early going. We are sure were all acquainted with its habits, more care would be taken in its plucking. Here in Northern Michigan, where a few years ago great beds and bunches might be found, it is either gone entirely or just a few sprays after long search are seen lifting their pink heads.

That there is a cause for this is sure; and it is to be found in the pulling and not cutting of the flowers. The next time you go, put in your pocket a pair of scissors, carefully brush away the dead leaves and moss and after carefully lifting the dainty heads clip the stems; for if the roots be never so slightly disturbed by the pulling up—even by a lifting up of the flowers from the earth—your plant will be killed and no blossoms need be expected from that quarter another year.

The sweet little flowers have an almost human way of appealing for tenderness, bespeaking as they do with their faint

sweet perfume a kindly and not harsh plucking. And don't, we beg of you, unless you really want them, and are willing to give them a drink of water after your homecoming, disturb them at all.

The question has often been asked, "Can the arbutus be transplanted?" And we answer: "Yes, it can." If you have an old pine stump in your yard, so much the better; but if not, in the Fall, find some isolated root, and dig a large circle about it, disturbing as little as possible the roots in the lifting and set out in some shaded southern exposure; or better still if you have it—on some southeast bank, where it will get the morning sun and the warmth but not direct glare of the afternoon sun; and my word for it, if you have been very careful in the lifting you will be greeted next Spring with the dainty little beauties in your own yard.

A VISION OF IRIS

By CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

SHE wanders by the willowed banks,
Where clearest waters slowly run,
And flowers-de-luce in armed ranks
Lift green swords gleaming to the sun.

And now I see her pausing stand,
As graceful as a lily she;
If I but once might touch her hand,
That touch would live in memory.

A vision of the fairest face,
With eyes of her own iris blue,
A white throat bound by creamy lace,
And cheeks with warm blood glowing through.

The jeweled amber combs that hold
Her dark brown hair from rippling down;

Each filmy, floating azure fold,
And golden belt to clasp her gown—

I dream of her from hour to hour,
This Iris I would call my own;
The tender namesake of the flower
That gladdens all the marsh-lands lone.
And when the late sun lingers long
Till all the wild sweet shy things stir,
And insects start their even-song,
She knows not how I dream of her.

JUNE WINSTON

A NOVEL COMPOSED OF TEN SHORT STORIES

By CARRIE HUNT LATTA

THE NINTH STORY

AND then came a great day in June Winston's life. Not the great day, as, to a girl, her wedding day is the great day. But next to that is her graduation day. And June's came, all too soon.

And very sweet and pure and womanly she looked in her white dress. With her cheeks flushed with excitement and her eyes starlike with happiness and pride.

It seemed that day that no matter which way one looked there were pretty girls in white and roses. Roses everywhere, except where there were pretty girls.

And every one seemed very happy and gay and every one smiled and laughed and talked together whether they knew each other or not.

And June spoke. Spoke her carefully written oration from memory, very prettily. And her father listened with pride; and her brothers listened—and looked at June—and the other pretty girls.

And Clementine listened and cried softly all the way through. Although she could not have told why she cried. And was proud, oh, but she was proud of June that day.

And as June sat waiting for her turn to speak she thought of a little girl of the long ago who spoke a "piece" at school. Who on that memorable day held a white paper lily in her hand; whose lips moved through all the verses of that poem yet no sound came from them. And of the little boy who had written the words of cheer to her when it was all over and the whole world seemed so dark and cheerless, saying,

"You was the Nicest of 'em all."

But her voice did not fail her on this day. Ah no. It rang sweet and clear through the great old hall where so many glad young voices had rung so many times before.

And she spoke boldly on her subject, which was, "How to Succeed in Life." Though how she knew, no one, had they paused to think about it, could have told.

But they only thought of her sweet face, her pretty voice, her earnest manner—and that this was her graduation day.

Then there was a great dinner. And more flowers and music. And the "old boys" who had graduated long before, were there and they nodded and smiled and said that the girls were pretty enough but not as pretty as the girls in their classes had been.

And the women who had graduated so long before sighed and agreed with them, adding that "the girls in this day and age are not what they were in my day." Possibly not. But after all the girls of the "now" are as pure in mind and tender of heart as the girls of the "then" were. And what more could one wish?

And there were speeches and toasts and bows and smiles. A sea of smiles.

And Clementine, seated at the table across from June, and who was, according to her own statement, "too dressed up fer words," sat quite still and listened and looked. Thereby pleasing all her friends. She beamed on June, looked at John and Harold approvingly, watched Alex with suspicion and frowned darkly at Myrtilla, who, beribboned and lace trimmed, sat in her old place at the table opposite.

Myrtilla had failed to pass the year before and was graduating, after all, when June did. A fact which brought great joy to Clementine's soul.

And who sat next to Clementine and almost opposite June, but Washington George! Not "White-Wash," dear me, no! —In all the glory of a new summer suit; who was too happy and too embarrassed

to eat—much. Who had missed his train (on account of business) and had arrived in the very midst of June's oration. Who had sent to her at the end of said oration, a design in flowers so large that when an usher placed it before her she was quite lost to view.

But June thanked him prettily for it and he never knew how some of her friends had laughed. All through the dinner she felt that his eyes were upon her. And very kind, honest and admiring eyes they were too.

During the afternoon when they all mingled together and the "old boys" and the "old girls" met the "new boys" and the "new girls," Washington stayed close to June. He was almost painfully attentive.

John, with his face glowing, renewed his friendship with Grace. She was even prettier than she had been when he had, for less than two weeks, loved her to distraction.

Clementine made the acquaintance of a bald professor who regarded her with mild astonishment while she talked on and on, telling him the price per yard of June's dress; of June's high grades; of her love for her father and how often she had written to him; of her anxiety for fear June might "git in love with some city feller as would take her clean away from home." And as she spoke she looked in Alex's direction with a scowl on her face.

And while the professor expostulated gently and tried to reason with her, she stood in a fighting attitude, never believing a word that he said to her.

And then it was all over and the time for parting came. When June and Grace embraced each other tenderly and solemnly promised to write twice a week, something which they did—for a short time.

Even June and Myrtila shook hands and murmured something no one could understand, not even Clementine, who was standing near and who said "Hist" so suddenly that the girls parted instantly and looked guilty and startled.

John got a promise from Grace to write

to him. Harold received a knot of pink ribbon, as a token of friendship, from a little girl from one of the under classes. But even as he looked at it an hour later he muttered something about the giver not being "half as pretty as Cicely Benton" and that "pink isn't half so pretty as blue." Cicely always wore blue.

Alex waited long for an opportunity to whisper a word to June. "Are you sure, June?" he whispered, with a world of tenderness in his eyes as he took her hand.

"Quite sure, Alex," she answered, smiling, though her lips quivered.

"All right," he answered, squaring his shoulders.

But he sighed deeply and turned away. And as he turned he met "White-Wash," face to face.

"I'll see that she gets home all right and that she doesn't want for friends when she gets there," "White-Wash" said smilingly, and with an air of importance.

"I—oh—thank you," Alex said, clenching his fist as he turned to go. Then he suddenly put his hand out to "White-Wash."

"I hope all her old friends will always be as kind to her as you are."

And with that he was gone before "White-Wash" could speak.

While waiting for the train, even though Mr. Winston told June how much he needed her at home; and John and Harold assured her of the many good times they would have; and John announced that two of "the fellows" were to visit him during the vacation, and "such fellows as you've never seen, June"—even though "White-Wash" smothered his bashfulness enough to get within speaking distance of her, and told her of the many picnics and parties that had been planned for her when she got home—in spite of all these things, there was a queer pain in June's heart. It felt a bit like homesickness, but it could not be that. Was she not going home?

Ah, her school life was over. Her course was finished—she had no plans for the future. That was it. A lost, heart-broken, desolate feeling of being cast

adrift without a life line took possession of her and she could not keep back the tears. She covered her face and cried and it seemed to her that she could hear Grace's pretty voice and time and again there arose before her a wistful, pleading face—the face of Alex Avery.

But, as the train sped along she took courage. Her father smiled brightly and seemed so happy with the thought of taking her home with him. The boys grew gay and talkative, John telling of some of the college pranks in which he had participated during the past school year. Harold and "White-Wash" vied with each other in telling of home happenings, and Clementine, growing voluble after a day of comparative quiet as far as she personally was concerned, rattled on and on, making them laugh with her quaint remarks and queer questions.

As evening came on Clementine grew restless and hailed the trip to the dining car with joy.

"It'll seem monstrous queer to be walkin' an' ridin' at the same time," she said, rising when it was time to go.

On the return from the dining car she fell behind, walking slowly and regarding people curiously. She paused to talk with a woman who had a sick child, prescribing impossible medicines; she looked at the child's tongue and announced, with an air, that she thought "the child'll either die er git well."

But she held the child in her arms while the mother rested a bit, and smiled and talked in such a friendly manner that the worried mother smiled and thanked her heartily.

She comforted an old lady who was almost hysterical for fear her son might not meet her at the end of her journey. And, finally, she met an old friend, with whom she spent so much time that Mr. Winston grew uneasy and sent Harold back to find her.

They returned together, Harold's face red with suppressed laughter. But Clementine was not laughing. There was fire in her eyes and her jaw flew shut like a steel trap.

"We were a little uneasy about you,

Clementine," June said, smiling.

But Clementine did not smile. Motioning to them as she sat down, she snapped, as they gathered about her, Harold still laughing:

"They're all alike! That's what they are! An' if you know when you're well off, June Winston, you'll let 'em be. Don't never never marry."

She said this so sternly that the smile left June's lips. Poor "White Wash" rose, turned around twice, then sat down again. They all sat and waited for her to go on speaking.

"Oh! Ugh!" she groaned and shuddered as if in pain.

"Please be more quiet, Clementine," implored Mr. Winston, looking at the other passengers uneasily.

"There, now do let me tell er I'll certainly 'xplode. I was settin' talkin' to some pore furriner as didn't know as her son'd meet her er not an' I bet he don't if he's like most men folks an' I 'low he is. R'member my 'dvise, June, an' let 'em be. As I was sayin', I was settin' there an' suddint I seen somebody I knowed. And bein' so well acquainted I got up an' went back an' set with him, fer it was a him. An' th' minnit I set down with him, of all the actions I ever seen, of all the screwin' around, of all th' red faces, of all th' puttin' of hands in pockets an' takin' 'em out again, of all th' uncomfortable actin' folks, he was the most uncomfortablest. An' I says to him, 'Ain't 'fraid I've got the cholery, air you?' An' he says, 'No, I ain't.' 'Ain't got whiskey on yer breth, hev you?' said I. An' he says, 'No, I ain't.' An' I says, 'Fer kingdom come, then, Silas Lilyblade, what hev you got?' An' he says, turnin' 'round an' lookin' behind him, 'I've got a wife, that's what I've got.' An' so he has. A little, sickly, puny, ill-conditioned critter as ever was. All dressed up in weddin' finery, carryin' a bunch of wilted flowers in her hand, a make-believein' she was that mortal happy, a simperin' an' a lookin' at Silas—at the back of him, as if he was somebody. But he ain't. My, my, but I'd like to up an' say what I'd like to say to him. Talk about th' wimmen

bein' fickle and flirtish. Huh! As 'twas, I says, I says to Silas, 'You ain't 'shamed of her, air you?' An' he says, 'No I ain't.' An' I says, 'I didn't know. You wasn't settin' by her an had her chucked down ahind you.' Then I says, 'Well, I'd heap ruther be me, restin' easylike in a fine sleepin' car in good comp'ny, than you, Mis Lilyblade, settin' here in th' day car where you'll set all night with your man. I hope you'll both sleep well, settin' up. Howsumever,' says I, thinkin' it too bad to be mistreatin' a pore little scrooched up thing like she is fer his account, 'I hope you'll be happy, as happy as you can be with as changeable man as you air married to.'"

Visions of the celluloid valentine rose before John's eyes. He remembered, too, the scene in his father's office, and what followed.

"I wouldn't be too hard on him, Clementine," Mr. Winston said, after an awkward silence.

"I wouldn't either," ventured John.

"Oh, I won't. But fer kingdom come, why didn't Silas Lilyblade tell somebody he was goin' to marry? I didn't know he had no girl nowheres. What right'd he to act so? I jest have a mortal hate fer secrets."

June shook her head at Clementine as she spoke.

"We must be kind to Silas's wife. She is a stranger, and if she is, as you say,

Clementine, ill, we must be all the more kind."

"Oh, I'll be good to her. I'm so mortal sorry fer her an'—an' so glad it's her instid of me. There! I've had enough enjoyment scrouched into one day so I'm goin' to bed—ef it's true thet a person can double up little enough to git in one of them beds. An' how I'll rest any at all crowded in a place as ain't long enough er wide enough, gits me. But there, me grumblin' an' Silas's wife settin' up all night."

When June placed her head on her pillow that night she murmured a little prayer. A prayer for strength, that she might be able to do whatever was required of her—a prayer of thanks; she had so much to be thankful for. The past was gone.

And after all the sweet memories of all those college years were hers. The friendships, the hopes, the joys and fears of all those years were hers. She had accomplished what she had set out to do—her father was more than satisfied.

And, the future would take care of itself. And so, remembering her mercies and being thankful for them she fell asleep to waken with the glorious dawn of another day which broke upon her with a flood of sunshine, bringing to her, in all the glory of young womanhood, much peace and happiness.

And she was at home again.

THE CALIFORNIAN

By WILLIAM WESCOTT FINK

AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM ERIN"

WITH a rumble and jar suggesting an accident, the train came to a halt between stations, startling the passengers, and the conductor, who had been taking fares, went forward to discover the difficulty. A slight, stooped female figure in black, surmounted by an old-fashioned "poke" bonnet, sat still as though noth-

ing unusual had happened, and a small, elderly man with white hair and blue eyes placed his book gently, almost caressingly across his knee and looked curiously at the passengers. To all appearances he was a student, a dreamer of dreams, one little accustomed to the ways of the business world. He sat in the

third seat behind the little figure in black; while just across the aisle a big fellow with long, bushy beard and dressed in the garb of the typical California miner of those days, seemed more interested in finding room for his long and restless legs, or in twisting his broad shoulders into a more comfortable position, than in learning of any possible accident to the train.

The conductor soon returned. "Break in the engine—take an hour to fix it," he curtly replied to a passenger as he went on taking fares. When he reached the figure in black, he assumed even more than his usual brusqueness.

"Fare," he demanded harshly, but the woman did not move.

"Ticket," he insisted, touching her arm.

"Sir?" she queried in tremulous, startled tones.

"Fare—fare. Pay your fare." His voice was loud and strident.

All the passengers were looking and listening. The elderly man sat quietly watching, with an expression of sympathy on his kindly face. The big fellow with the slouch hat and tanned beard straightened up in his seat in an attitude of curious attention and with a slight tightening of the cords of his neck.

"You took my ticket when we left Albany," said the tremulous voice.

"I did not," flatly asserted the conductor.

The elderly man looked on with astonishment and the Californian scowled.

"Where are you going?" asked the conductor impatiently.

"To Skerrytown."

"Well, I haven't taken up a ticket for that station on this trip. Five dollars and seventy-five cents, please."

"O sir! I did pay my fare and you took my ticket. I have no more money or I would give it to you, for I must go on."

"Well, you can go if you pay; if you don't, you can't; and I can't wait here all day, either."

"Would you make all these people think I am a thief?" said the old lady piteously.

A deepening hum of sympathy ran

through the car, but the Californian, springing to his feet, demanded:

"Didn't you take that lady's ticket before?"

"What's that your business?" sneered the conductor.

"I'll make it my business. How much is her fare?"

"Five-seventy-five."

"Here's the cash. Give the lady a check, and see that you don't try to make her pay a third time."

"O sir!" exclaimed the old lady, "I am not a subject of charity. I will repay you as soon as I get home."

"Yes, yes," he answered kindly, "I know that will be all right. Let me tell you no one thinks you are trying to run your face on this road."

"And let me tell you," growled the conductor, "that if I hear any more of your insinuations, I'll throw you off the train."

It was amusing to see the big Californian's face. A prolonged whistle escaped his lips. Then he spoke quietly:

"Well, now, I won't insinuate anymore; but I'll tell you plainly that you are a thief—a man that collects fares a second time from old ladies and puts the money into his private pocket."

Someone clapped approval and the whole car rang with the response. The Californian quietly took his seat.

Doggedly the conductor gave the lady a check and went on taking fares. When he reached our gentle-eyed, elderly man, the latter asked:

"Are you quite sure, now, that the lady had not already given you a ticket? I think she had."

"Who cares what you think?"

"Well, you may not care; and yet, opinions are of much importance in this world. I would rather have a man think well than ill of me. Now my opinion is that you have the lady's ticket in your left-breast-pocket, for I saw you place it there."

"You lie!" shouted the conductor.

The Californian sprang to his feet, but when he caught sight of the elderly man's placid face he paused, and, with a satisfied smile, sat down.

"It neither requires a cultivated mind nor a high moral character to enable one man to call another a liar," said the elderly man gently. "I will undertake to settle this matter in a different way: You will return to that kind gentleman his money."

"Yes, I will!" sneered the conductor. "Who are you?"

"The president of this road. You may look at these credentials, if you like."

The conductor stood staring at his superior, unable to utter a word.

"You will return the money."

Mechanically the conductor obeyed the order.

"I will wire the division superintendent from the next station. You, of course, understand my meaning. You can take the train through to the end of your division, being careful to fulfill all your duties to the letter, remembering that criminal courts are sometimes more rigorous than railway companies."

Retribution so swift and from a source so unexpected was too much for the already excited passengers, and the conductor had scarcely passed to the next car before they broke into a round of applause.

"Gimme yer hand, old boy—Oh! excuse me—Mr. President," cried the Californian. "I was going for him myself for calling you a liar, but somehow or other I saw you didn't need me. Didn't he wilt? Oh! didn't he wilt! The puppy! Insult an old lady! I thought when I left California that I was coming to God's country, but this kind of thing is new to me. Do you know what he'd be in five minutes, out our way? No? Crow-bait!" He thrust his big hands into his pockets and laughed fiercely to himself. "You see," he went on, recalling his auditors, "it kind of riles me to think of anyone's mistreating an old lady. I have a mother myself—or I hope I have," he added more softly; "and just to think of her being treated that way! Why, I haven't seen mother for twenty years; ran away from home in '49, when I was a boy and went to California; went in rough and tumble to make money—made

some, 'most enough. But I tell you I used to lie awake nights thinking of mother; wondering if she would look much older, and wishing I hadn't run off."

He was sitting on the arm of his seat, addressing the mild-eyed railway president. The passengers were intently listening, but he went on unconscious of them, driven by the force of his long pent-up emotions: "I'm going home to mother—going to finish up being a boy—if she is alive! and I'm going to take care of her as long as she lives."

Just then the deep "poke" bonnet turned, and the old lady looked around at the burly stranger with anxious, embarrassed diffidence. Her hair was white, and her face, beautiful even in old age, was glorified by the luster of her gentle brown eyes.

"Did you say you are from California?" she asked.

For a moment it seemed that the big fellow was going to choke, but whatever his affliction may have been, he overcame it immediately and replied that he had "lived in California for some time."

"I wonder if you knew my boy?" she said eagerly. "I have a boy in California, somewhere—or I did have—once. Don't you know him?"

"I have known a great many men in California. What was his name?"

"Oh! certainly—I forgot to tell his name! My boy's name was George."

"But there are so many Georges," he answered, a strange expression on his bronzed face.

"O sir! you must excuse me, but there is only one George in all the world to me. His name is George Benson."

How eagerly she watched his face!

"George Benson? George Benson?" he repeatedly slowly as if trying to recall the name. "Somehow that does sound familiar. But then, I've known so many men in California." For a moment he turned his face away, then, looking into her anxious eyes, said:

"I do remember him now. Used to live in B——, didn't he?"

"Yes," she answered eagerly.

"Left home in '49, didn't he?"

"Yes, the tenth of April. Oh, it must be my boy!"

"Sure as you live, it's George—no doubt of that," said the big fellow cheerfully.

"When did you see him? Tell me all about him—that he is well—and that he is coming home!"

"Yes, he's well; and he's coming home, too. He'll be home pretty soon. Saw him in 'Frisco just before I left, and, God bless you, you ought to have heard him talk about his mother; couldn't talk about anything else. You must try to compose yourself. He was afraid it might be too much for you, and said he wished you could know he was coming home so as to be prepared in your mind. I don't believe you would know him, though."

"Oh! I would know George anywhere!" she exclaimed.

"I don't know about that. Folks change. He isn't a boy any more, but a great big man, big as I am, with a great, rough beard, rough as mine."

"Is he?"

"O yes! George is big; not like the little chap that used to climb the tall oak tree back of the house and swing on the top limb and yell like an Indian."

"Why, did George tell you that?" she asked, with a surprised smile lighting up her gentle face.

Without answering directly, the Californian went on: "You remember how he rode the gray colt, Caleb, without bridle or saddle, and how you all thought he would be killed; and how Caleb ran into the woods across the creek and tried to scrape him off against the crooked old basswood tree where the big hornets' nest was. And you remember how the hornets stung the colt and sent him flying

out into the pasture with George on his back; and how George came out of it all with only a deep gash on his forehead, just below the hair; and how you worried lest the scar would spoil your boy's beauty, and old mother Blinkerhoff said, 'Never mind—things always happen for the best, and you'll thank the gray colt some day.'"

"Why, you talk just like you knew all about our old place!"

"Oh well, I've traveled—ran away myself, and am going home to mother now. Maybe when you see George that scar will help you to recognize him." He paused and looked at her so strangely that her eyes opened wide with surprise. Then, taking off his hat and lifting his hand, "The scar was up here, somewhere."

"George!"

The old lady was in his arms. The deep "poke" bonnet fell to the floor. The snow-white hair rested upon his bosom. Few people in the car that day had eyes clear enough to watch the wonderful transformation on his face as he stood there giving expression to his feelings in a medley of sobs and laughter. But suddenly he seemed possessed by a new idea, for whirling around, he yelled:

"Where's that confounded conductor!"

"My dear friend," said the white-haired president, as he gave the excited Californian his hand, "let the conductor go. I would not mar a moment so blessed as this with one thought of him. Moreover, I happen to be in a position to settle that little account for you."

"I guess that's so," the big fellow answered with a smile.

The train started, and mother and son began joyfully uniting the broken threads of memory where they had parted twenty years before.

GOLGOTHA

Our crosses are hewn from different trees,

But we all must have our Calvaries;

We may climb the height from a different side,

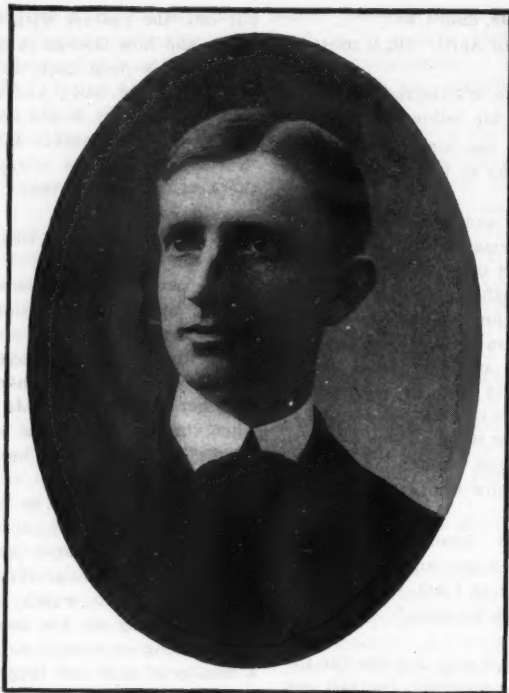
But we each go up to be crucified;

As we scale the steep, another may share

The dreadful load that our shoulders bear,

But the costliest sorrow is all our own—

For on the summit we bleed alone.



NEW ENGLAND'S POET LAUREATE

ONCE more has great song flowered in New England. The silence of thirty years has been broken. It is my pleasure and privilege to introduce to the quarter million readers of the National Magazine—or to that large majority of them who never knew him—the legitimate successor of the group of great poets who gave New England her leadership in American letters fifty years ago. Frederic Lawrence Knowles, literary advisor of the publishing house of Dana Estes & Co., Boston, compiler of several poetical anthologies

and author of a first small book of minor verse published some time ago, has prepared for publication a new volume of his own work, from which the National is granted the privilege of quoting the following poems. In this new volume, "Love Triumphant," Mr Knowles has fulfilled the best hopes of his friends who have been watching his development. Now at thirty-four, he has proved his rank with the noblest singers of his time, a fit upholder of the best traditions of American poetry.

Frank Putnam.

NEW ENGLAND

I.

Cold was the morn, and pitiless the shore,
When our brave fathers, tyrant-driven, accurs'd,
Unlock'd the future's inauspicious door,
And, bold of brow, trod Freedom's threshold first.

Staunch hearts! beneath the arrogant garb of sect
 Beat bosoms warmed by fires not lit on earth,
 And the real man—supreme, secure, erect—
 Gave to an iron creed its human worth.
 The cold frosts fell relentless on the grain,
 The cunning savage lurked by rock and tree,
 No sound was heard in that lone, desolate plain
 Save, on the rocks, the ravings of the sea.
 Yet, O our fathers, how your hands were stayed!
 The Pilgrim's God was with you—ye were undismayed!

II.

And we, the scions of a gentler age,
 The latest birth of slow-maturing Time—
 Shall we be heirs of that high heritage,
 Partakers of that legacy sublime,
 And not be sharers of their solemn vow—
 Those forest-conquering heroes, dauntless, free,
 By the long, treacherous cape which, then as now,
 With gaunt, crook'd finger beckoned to the sea?
 Tell us, ye stars, that watched their lonely fires,
 Yea, watch each generation as it runs—
 The witness of their prayers, and our desires
 High as their own—say, are we not their sons?
 Shall not the virtues which have made them great
 Rule, animate, enthral our hearts, control our State?

III.

Thou art the rough nurse of a hero-brood,
 New England, and their mighty limbs by thee
 Were fashioned—they, the bards, the warriors rude,
 Whom Time hath dowered with fame imperishably.
 But not alone for this I love thee; I
 On thy bare mother-breast have laid my head,
 And drunk the cool, deep silence, while the sky,
 Confederate of my joy, laughed o'er my bed.
 Thus have I lain till half I seemed a part—
 In my clairvoyant mood—of Nature's plan;
 The very landscape crept into my heart,
 And they were one—the sense, the soul, of man;
 My kinship with life's myriad forms I knew—
 Worms in the world of green, wings in the world of blue!

IV.

Nor less I loved thee in those hours of blight
 When winter fell upon thee like a sleep;
 Again I watch along the drifted white
 The dark triangle of the snow-plough sweep,
 Behold the oxen draw the creaking sled,
 Hear the sharp sleet rehearse upon the pane,
 See the wise village prophets shake the head
 While through the elms the witless winds complain.
 Ah, in those hours, O native hills! I know

Alert beneath thy guise of seeming-dead
 The roots are warm, the saps of summer flow,
 The wings of immortality are bred!
 In all things reigns one immanent Control:
 The life beneath the snow, the life within my soul!

V.

Then hail, ye hills! like rough-hewn temples set,
 With granite beams, upon this earth of God!
 Austerer halls of worship never yet
 Had feet of Puritan or Pilgrim trod:
 Abrupt Chocorua, Greylock's hoary height,
 Katahdin (name that Music makes her own),
 Storied Monadnock, and, in loftier flight,
 Thou, rising to the eternal heavens, alone—
 Thy Sun-wooded sisters, less divinely proud,
 Bribe to compliance by their suitor's gold—
 Thou, wrapt in thy stern drapery of a cloud,
 Chaste, passionless, inviolably cold,
 Mount Washington! sky-shouldering, freedom-crowned,
 Compatriot with the windy blue above, around!

VI.

And hail, ye waters! whether, mountain-locked,
 The timid lake shines in the valley's palm,
 Where strident human discord never mocked
 With alien clamor the primeval calm;
 Or whether streams insistent to the sea
 Urge their impatient way, till far behind
 The hills are left, and, black with industry,
 Through long, low meadow-lands their path they wind.
 O'er stream and lake alike the slight canoe,
 Artful though forest-born, once found its course,
 By dark hands guided which the war-axe knew—
 Hands skilled in dexterous craft and fearless force.
 Now by those waters blue the warriors sleep;
 The still heights taciturn the destined secret keep!

VII.

Perished that forest-nurtured race; the winds
 Have scattered past recall their nameless dust.
 Forerunners they of more heroic kinds,
 The harsh Fates slew them, but the Fates were just.
 Thou more intrepid brood! these hills were thine
 Which had been theirs, O valiant elder band!
 Let us in our unventurous ease, supine,
 Spare those a thought who met the time's demand,
 Ploughed these unwilling plains, these woodlands cleared,
 The sons of God because the sons of Toil,
 Who in this wilderness their temples reared,
 But knew no shrine more sacred than their soil.
 When tyranny this freeman-breed defied,
 Through the hot lips of merciless cannon they replied!

VIII.

Who was it, when the British thunders broke,
 And Western Conquest staggered to her fall—
 Who was it then unchained the tyrant-yoke?
 Oh answer, memory-haunted Faneuil Hall!
 And when our North was menaced by her foes,
 Blind with the lust of gold, deaf as the sea,
 Though bondsmen plead for pity, who arose
 And sundered first those shackles—who but thee?
 All-sheltering as a mother, thou didst stand,
 New England, with thine arms outstretched to save;
 Europe, the prairied West, on either hand,
 And, clinging to thy garment's hem, the slave!
 And shall we love thee less whom, at thy shrine,
 Our sires pledged in their hearts' best blood—that costliest wine?

IX.

Nay! though we wander where against the sky
 The sun-burnt leagues of low plain stretch away,
 Or where on silver coasts the warm waves sigh
 And green, palm-crown'd Decembers vie with May,
 We still are thine; and in our sad, fond dream,
 They rest again—these weary feet that roam:
 We see the farm, the orchard, and the stream,
 And, rising to the heavens, the hills of home.
 The quest of gain has called us from thy breast,
 Our common mother! but the noisy mart
 Can never drown the inner voice of rest;
 The child's pure peace still harbors in our heart.
 Though far our footsteps stray, though years be long,
 The kindred loves of home and truth shall keep us strong!

THE THREE

Mary of Nazareth, loving and kind,
 The mission of Him she bore divined
 Vaguely and dim, with a wondering mind.

Mary of Bethany, gentle and fair,
 Gave Him what cheer her home could
 spare,
 And smiled with the peace of quiet
 prayer.

Soiled with the dust of the gazing street,
 Stealing in where He sat at meat,
 Mary the Magdalen kissed His feet.

Mary the virgin marvel'd with fear,
 Mary the listener lent Him her ear,
 But Mary the prodigal faltered near,—

Tho' wonder and loathing filled the place,
 And Simon counted her touch disgrace,
 She bent o'er the Master her tear-stain'd
 face,—

And her wealth of warm, dark hair, un-
 bound,
 About His feet she wound and wound—
 Her sobbing was the only sound.

Mary the hostess made Him her guest,
 He had lain on Mary the Mother's breast,
 But the Magdalen's gift was costliest:

She brought her past, its bliss and shame,
 Strange sins, wild memories fierce as
 flame—
 And in her tears was wash'd from blame!

One sat with patient joy at His side,
 One stood by the Roman cross where He
 died,
 One gave herself and her broken pride.

A SONG OF DESIRE

Thou dreamer with the million moods,
 Of restless heart like me,
 Lay thy white hands against my breast
 And cool its pain, O Sea!

O wanderer of the unseen paths,
 Restless of heart as I,
 Blow hither, from thy caves of blue,
 Wind of the healing sky!

O treader of the fiery way,
 With passionate heart like mine,
 Hold to my lips thy healthful cup
 Brimmed with its blood-red wine!

O countless watchers of the night
 Of sleepless heart like me,
 Pour your white beauty in my soul,
 Till I grow calm as ye!

O sea, O sun, O wind and stars,
 (O hungry heart that longs!)
 Feed my starved lips with life, with love,
 And touch my tongue with songs!

TO MOTHER NATURE

Nature, in thy largess, grant
 I may be thy confidant!
 Taste who will life's roadside cheer
 (Tho' my heart doth hold it dear—
 Song and wine and trees and grass,
 All the joys that flash and pass),
 I must put within my prayer
 Gifts more intimate and rare.
 Show me how dry branches throw
 Such blue shadows on the snow,—
 Tell me how the wind can fare
 On his unseen feet of air,—
 Show me how the spider's loom
 Weaves the fabric from her womb,—
 Lead me to those brooks of morn
 Where a woman's laugh is born,—
 Let me taste the sap that flows
 Through the blushes of a rose,
 Yea, and drain the blood which runs
 From the heart of dying suns,—
 Teach me how the butterfly

Guessed at immortality,—
 Let me follow up the track
 Of Love's deathless Zodiac,
 Where Joy climbs among the spheres
 Circled by her moon of tears,—
 Tell me how, when I forget
 All the schools have taught me, yet
 I recall each trivial thing
 In a golden, far-off spring,—
 Give me whispered hints how I
 May instruct my heart to fly
 Where the baffling vision gleams
 Till I overtake my dreams,
 And the impossible be done
 When the Wish and Deed grow one!

JOY AND SACRIFICE

I gave you all that I had,
 And the giving made me glad;
 So great was my love the while
 I asked neither thanks nor smile.

If you only would let me pour
 My service before your door,
 My worship around your feet,
 The days and the nights were sweet.

But what an end is this!
 Your lips that I may not kiss
 At last, with a frown, command
 I lay no gift in your hand.

Yet, dearest, before we part
 Let me speak this word from my heart:
 I have striven and lost, and yet
 I hold no thought of regret.

I have owned life's costliest thing;
 Though I have drunk from a spring
 Where my thirst could never slake,
 I have given up all for your sake,

And loved you purely and well
 With a peace I can never tell,
 And I breathe toward Heav'n this word:
 Bless thou my Love, O Lord!

My Love who never gave
 The joy that starved hearts crave,
 Yet pays me a richer price
 For service and sacrifice.

She has taught me that life can bring
 No better and nobler thing
 Than a spirit that gives and gives;
 O bless my Love while she lives!

THE VOYAGE OF A RAFT

By MARY RUTTER TOWLE

TOM and Archie had just gone for the summer out into the country, where Papa had bought a big farm-house. Behind the house there was a field, and beyond it a large tract of woodland.

The first day that the family were fairly settled in their new house, Papa led Tom and Archie out to the edge of the woods and showed them a pretty little pond.

"If I were a boy just about your age," he said, "I'd build a raft and have a good time on this pond. There's some timber out behind the woodshed, and the pond isn't more than two feet deep, so there would be no danger of drowning."

"I can swim anyway, Papa," said Tom, swelling out his chest.

"Well, I can swim three strokes," said Archie, "and Tom is going to teach me to float on my back."

So they built the raft, with Papa's help, but after it was finished rain fell three whole days, so that they could not go out. Then one morning, just after breakfast, it cleared off. Papa took his field-glasses and looked out the dining-room window toward the woods.

"Hullo!" said he, "The rain has made our duck-pond overflow its banks. Look through the glass, Tom, and see how large it has grown."

"Can't we try our raft then, Papa?" asked Archie, with a disappointed look.

"Oh, yes; the pond is large, but not deep. When I come home this afternoon you must tell me how you got on."

Comet, the old white horse, helped the boys get the raft down to the pond, and after much pushing and tugging they finally launched it on the rippling blue water. Tom had an old oar which had once been painted green, that he had found behind some barrels in the woodshed, and Archie had a white-washed fence-picket.

"Hurrah!" said Tom, as they pushed off from shore. "She doesn't draw a drop of water, except just over in that corner."

"Isn't it bully that it rained," said Archie. "It's more fun to have the pond bigger. Just look where it goes into the woods,—you can't see the end of it!" Just where the boughs of an old wild apple tree, pink with blossoms, hung over the water, the pond rippled away into the shade of some dark, glossy-leaved laurel bushes, out of sight.

"We must go over there and explore," announced Tom. "Push to your left with the picket,—that's it!"

They shoved and paddled their way in beneath the apple boughs and into the shade of the dark woods, and there was the little patch of water still leading them on around a blueberry bush. They kept on past the blueberry bush, and then found that the water turned to the left and disappeared behind a clump of alders. They followed it.

"This is a regular little bay," said Archie. "See! we haven't got to the end of it yet." By this time they had passed the alders and still the water wound away out of sight. It was barely wide enough for the raft.

"This is too long for a bay," said Tom. "It's a river! We must think up a name for it, because we've discovered it. We'll have to explore it to the end, too, and see where it goes."

"Wonder 'f there are any bears up this river."

"Well, I should say it was the season for bears. You never can tell what a bear will do. A man is liable to meet one 'most anywhere."

"See!" said Archie, "we're touching bottom. Guess this river doesn't go any farther."

"Oh, yes, it does. Wait a minute; get out on that rock and help me push."

They pushed the raft across a bank of pebbles and around some hummocks of tall grass.

"There!" exclaimed Tom. "It's deeper here, and seems to me it runs a little."

"Guess 'twould be most up to my

knees," said Archie.

"I say, Tom, doesn't this make you think of that story Mamma read us about the little girl sailing into the enchanted forest?"

"No, indeed," said Tom rather scornfully. "It makes me think of Stanley exploring Darkest Africa!"

Archie said nothing but sat down on the raft on his feet. The water was running so fast that now he did not have to push with the picket at all.

"You know," continued Tom, "that Stanley's men had to get out and carry their canoe part of the way, just as we had to get out and push the raft. Let's pretend that I'm Stanley and that you're one of my men."

"All right," agreed Archie. "See how wide and deep the river is getting! I guess we won't have to get out and push again."

Indeed the stream had widened a great deal and was running very fast. All that Tom had to do was to paddle a little with his oar, first on one side and then on the other, to keep the raft away from the banks.

"I don't believe this is part of our pond!" ventured Archie. "A pond doesn't run, does it?"

"No-o," admitted Tom, "not usually. But this must be part of our pond because we haven't gone anywhere else. If we had gone over to Parker's river, now, that would be somewhere else!"

"Parker's river is awfully deep, isn't it?"

"I guess so. Now, I'm going to tell you some things to do, and you must do 'em, 'cause you're one of my men."

"What must I do?"

"Well, you can be the lookout, and sit in the front of the raft with a gun. The fence picket can be your gun. And you must look straight ahead, and if you see anything queer, like lions or wild men, come and report to me. Now, I'm going to sleep—not really, you know, but just pretend."

Tom lay out on his back on the raft, and looked up through a little hole in his straw hat at the blue sky and green boughs overhead. The raft was spinning

along and the water was rippling and knocking beneath it. The rough boards felt warm in the sun.

"Isn't this great!" exclaimed Tom. "Exploring is easy if you don't meet any lions or bears."

"Oh, Tom—Mr. Stanley!" cried Archie, suddenly. "I do see something! Get up—quick!" What Archie saw was a low, grey thing, sticking up out of the water, just ahead of them.

"That's a rock!" said Tom. "We must stop the raft."

But it was not easy to stop the raft, for the current in the water had suddenly become very strong. Tom tried to brace his oar against the bottom of the stream, but the raft only shifted to one side and went on faster than ever, right toward the rock. Tom began to be really frightened. If the raft should strike against the rock and break to pieces, could he and Archie swim ashore against the strong current? The water had become deeper, and Tom was sure that it was a good deal above his waist.

"We must steer 'round that rock!" he exclaimed. "Stand side of me and paddle over this way with the picket—hard!"

They paddled and pushed with all their might. They came close to the rock! Tom gave one mighty stroke of his oar and—presto! the raft skimmed along one side of the rock and shot safely by it into smoother water.

For a minute neither of the boys spoke, then Archie said: "I guess we'd better go back! I don't believe Papa knew how far this pond went."

"Yes," agreed Tom, "we'd better go back, but first we'll have to land and pull the raft up around that rock."

As he spoke a startling thing happened. The raft suddenly lurched to one side, then turned back a little, then lurched again, more violently than before, and shot downward like an arrow, throwing both boys back roughly upon the boards. When they got up again, what do you suppose they saw? The raft was drifting very fast down a great blue river!

Tom looked about in surprise, then he said: "Why, I've been here before! This

—this is Parker's river!"

Archie's heart almost stopped beating, and he had to pinch himself hard to keep back the tears. "Oh, Tom," he said, "What shall we do?"

"We must get her in to shore," said Tom, bravely. "Paddle over on this side as hard as you can."

river were some dreadful falls, and he remembered hearing Jason, the hired man, tell Papa how a lumberman had been drowned there only the spring before.

But Tom wasn't going to let his younger brother know that he was frightened, not he! So he said: "Isn't this fun!" And Archie said: "Yes, it's great fun!"



"THE RAFT SKIMMED ALONG ONE SIDE OF THE ROCK"

They paddled with all their might and main, but the river flowed so fast that they could not make the raft go any nearer to the shore. Tom was thoroughly frightened. Suppose they should go on drifting—drifting—way out to the ocean! Besides, he knew that farther down the

for he didn't want to seem afraid, either.

But now, a long way ahead, Tom saw a long black line extending out from the shore into the river. Archie saw it, too. It was a line of rocks, and the raft was going toward it like lightning!

"I can't paddle any more," said Archie,

in a trembling voice—"my arm is tired. Oh, Tom!"

Poor Tom thought now that surely the raft would strike the rock and be broken to pieces, and that he and Archie would be drowned. How dreadfully Mamma and Papa would feel! And every second those black rocks came nearer and nearer!

Tom decided to make one more effort to get to the shore, and again he began to paddle with all his strength. Suddenly, to his surprise, he felt the raft begin to go more slowly, and then more slowly still. They were coming nearer to the line of rocks. Tom stopped paddling and looked ahead again. Then he shouted "Hurrah!" as loudly as if he had been a real explorer and had discovered something. "What is it?" cried Archie. "What is it, Tom?"

"Hurrah!" said Tom again. "There's a little bay just this side of those rocks, where the water's smooth! We can stop the raft!"

But it was not two minutes before the raft, still going more and more slowly, stopped of its own accord, in the little rock-bound bay of still, bright water, and Tom and Archie, though with shaky knees and tired hands, slowly paddled ashore, tied the raft to a tree, and sat down on the little beach.

Poor Archie's hands were scratched dreadfully from some nails in the fence-picket, and Tom had lost his straw hat when the raft had whirled around from the little stream into the river. Both boys were tired out and very hungry, too, for it was long past luncheon time, but they were so glad to get ashore that they hardly thought of that. Archie realized it first. "Where do you s'pose we are?" he asked, picking two little wild strawberries that grew by the water's edge.

Then they both got up and found that they had been sitting opposite to a little shady, ferny lane, all overgrown with grass and moss, that led away from the river. The lane led them, after a few minutes' walk, to the main road, and there what do you suppose they saw? One of Papa's traps coming toward them, with Mamma and Papa in it and Jason sitting on the front seat driving!

"I ought to ha' told you, sir," said Jason that night to Papa, "that the duck-pond has a way of overflowin' into Green creek sometimes, but it hasn't done it for so many years now that I clean forgot about it. I hope you'll pardon me, sir."

And Papa said: "That's all right, Jason; I ought to have looked more carefully myself. But didn't our boys manage splendidly?"

PRESIDENT ELIOT IN THE HARVARD STUDENT'S EYE

By BURTON KLINE

IN July of 1903 school teachers from all over the country and to the number of 35,000, delegates to their annual convention in Boston, spiced the interims between their sessions with visits to the grounds of Harvard. There, thanks to the forethought of President Eliot—itsself a slight but a telling instance of his powers as an executive—they were shown about by a corps of student guides organized for their express behoof.

In an itinerary covering a considerable part of the university and some three hours in duration, they were told as much about the institution as time and chance permitted. But abashed as they were by the unexpected extent of Harvard, nothing stirred their interest so much as the personality of its president—who happened for that year to be president also of their own national organization. They wanted to know what the president of

Harvard University actually did. What particular subject did the president teach? What courses did he keep to himself for his lectures? What were his personal habits? Was he severe with the students? Did he visit the sick? Did he ever catch anybody smoking? How did an offender feel when ushered into his presence? To what length, anyway, were the students of Harvard allowed to enjoy their president's society and to profit by his fatherly advice?

The visitors were grieved to learn that the multiplicity of his other duties prevented the president from taking any part in the labors of instruction. It startled them to be told that many—very many—of the fellows every year members of the university, might live out four or even seven years of college life without catching sight of the president more than a dozen times. Any student might speak with him, yes, once in a very great while; yet most of the fellows dreaded, or at any rate forebore, to claim the opportunity. Delinquents and offenders?—oh, they were cared for by the recorder or the dean, men especially appointed for those duties. It was an event in the student's life when on some path in the Yard his cheek flamed at encountering the president. The young fellow's eye would sparkle; his lips parted; he lifted his old and tattered but priceless Harvard hat, and his heart jumped when the president's finger went up to his own head-covering, and there came that smiling response. The boy will storm into his room that afternoon and shout to his chum, "Oh I say, Buck! What do you think? I saw Prexy this a. m. And what a deuced handsome chap he is! Makes a man proud to have a president like that, eh?" And he slaps his mate on the shoulder and ends up, "Tell you, there's no place like Harvard! Eh, old boy?" That evening he begins his letter home—"This morning while walking across the Yard on my way to Sever 11, I passed the president."

But the explanation of this amazing aloofness of the president was appealing to the teachers. Every year now more



CHARLES W. ELIOT AS A STUDENT AT HARVARD

than 6,000 students register in the university. There are funds and property whose value mounts high up into the millions—there are a hundred buildings in the university's possession. The oversight of this much alone might be a lifetime's labor. Then there are all the departments of instruction—the academic, the scientific, the medical—all looking for their progress to the judgment of this central mind. So many courses of lectures are offered that a fellow of average intelligence, if he passed them all indeed, would require over 125 years for the undertaking. It is to the one dominant mind of President Eliot that the faculty of 500 who handle these courses submit their work for the supervision and expect for their own behoof his guidance. And there are larger matters yet—problems of discipline, of policy, of finance—calling for the president's solution. A man with all that on his shoulders has little enough time to conduct a course of instruction, or to buy a new door-mat for Sever Hall, or even to help as he would wish some



WHEN HE BECAME HARVARD'S PRESIDENT, A
THIRD OF A CENTURY AGO

individual student over his difficulties.

Yet still the teachers wished to know how the president, dim and distant as his figure is, does appear to the student who sees him infrequently moving about the college. What is he like, and what do the students think of him, after all?

Some of those teachers had the chance to see for themselves. On more than one afternoon of that week President Eliot's pressing duties as head of their convention were so discharged that he could visit Phillips Brooks House, where they were entertained at Harvard, and there welcome in person these visitors to his university. There in the crowd they caught glimpses of his erect and finely proportioned figure as he stalked about among them. No shred of his attire escaped their scrutiny—his trousers of cream-colored flannel with a tiny black stripe, his double-breasted blue serge coat, his russet Oxfords, and the pearl

soft felt hat that he carried. They stood with admiration in their eyes as they followed his quick movements, his easy carriage, his polished and deferential manner. They heard his deep voice addressed to the more fortunate or more temerarious fellow-delegates as he passed like a good host from one to another, with a humorous remark for each. They smiled unconsciously themselves as, watching his well-remembered profile, they saw his own lips parting in a smile. First on one foot, then on t'other they rested, screwing up their courage to speak to him, too. And when they did, the student guides who merely stood aside and listened, quivered in astonishment to see these interloping outsiders daring to praise their president in this easy and familiar way for some speech he had made at their convention—when they themselves would catch their breath at the idea, or would despair of finding any topic at all on which they might presume to speak with the president of Harvard College. And the student jealousy rose to fever pitch, and the gladness shining on the teachers' faces shone the brighter, as President Eliot acknowledged their well-intended compliment by drawing his heels together there on the tiled floor of the hall and sweeping them the most elegant bow in the world. That was these teachers' glimpse of the president of Harvard. And there was a little of the mingled awe and affection—both sentiments intense—in which the student holds him.

Once a week the same friendly, cheering, fleeting view of the president is open to any student of Harvard. For every possible Friday afternoon that he can, President Eliot makes it a point to attend the "University Teas," which are held in Phillips Brooks House throughout the college year for the particular purpose of bringing the students into touch with the heads of the university, from president down to the youngest instructor, and especially also with the wives of these and with the women of Cambridge. Thither the student is pressed to come; and there he may be alarmed to find himself chatting with his stately president,

and even—in a half-trembling voice—cracking his strongest joke, if so be he finds the president in his usual melting mood.

Or perhaps in the morning, some student obliged by necessity—the catching of a train, or the belated preparation for some exam—to get up early enough before breakfast, may see the president skim through Harvard Square for his regular morning ride on the bicycle. And then the next time Dr. Eliot is to address laboring men or some temperance club, that student will read his president's speech in the papers next morning with a keener interest than before. Or in the leap of his admiration, the student may wander to the hall to see in person that tall, white-haired gentleman with the deep but flexible voice walk forward and speak the most enlightened sense in a quality of English that that evening in his room he himself vainly tries to imitate for tomorrow's theme. The next day he passes University Hall, glances up at the second-story window's front in the corner toward Massachusetts avenue, and half-sheepishly permits his imagination to wrap itself about the figure he suspects is working there, with a feeling of ownership so private and so complete and affectionate and selfish that he would blush to acknowledge it to his most intimate chum. That's partly the way a Harvard man feels toward his president. Perhaps he will go straight to the old "Coop" and buy a copy of some favorite of the president's books, and that afternoon mount with a pounding heart the steps of the modest little brick residence on the hill. There he asks for the president's signature on the fly-leaf. And graciously the president's pen makes the autograph and snatches a moment from its busy day.

For the day of President Eliot is compact of many interests and demands. Every morning it is laid out in a routine that is rigid, yet each day is varied, so that such a thing as office-hours with him are a thing unknown. Not long ago the president addressed all the graduates of the Union, on how the scholar may make most advantageous use of his day. In

the course of it he referred for examples to habits of his own. He rises early, eats simply and sparsely, takes some light form of exercise—for the president owes his present vigor to the athletic exercise of his own college days, when he rowed on a winning crew. Every morning he lays out the day's work in advance; labors out this plan all forenoon till one; lunches at leisure; and then works on from two until four or five. From then until his dinner hour he moves about and refreshes himself with more exercise or with lighter and more varied concerns. His evenings he devotes to meeting his friends. More frequently, though, of late, they are given to lectures such as his recent one before the Union workmen.

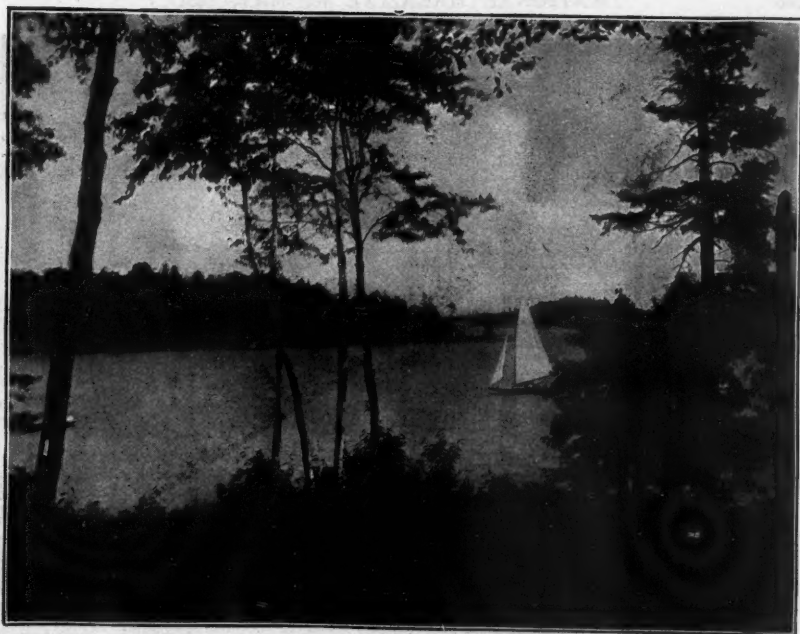
But the day when President Eliot appears in the full measure of his dignity—as an official, as an intellect, as a man—is the day when the Commencement ceremonies bring him before the men of Harvard in those simple robes that garb him in all the much that he signifies to them. There they are packed in little Sanders Theatre till not another atom of man can enter and till the hot June air—such of it as can find remaining room to squeeze in—grows suffocating from the greater heat of their enthusiasm. Old grads of years far back in the beginning of the 30's are there; they bring their white hairs, their bent frames, their feeble walk, their cracked voices—but they bring an enthusiasm and a warmth of feeling that is beyond the swaggering fledgling just that day receiving his degree. Before such an assemblage, a lionized man among these who feel that delicate but strong and sheepish ownership in him, President Eliot walks and helps these to live through some of the supreme moments of their lives. Fond eyes watch his stately movements—they are a law, those movements, a canon, a mode which the young at least among these spectators secretly resolve to copy for the rest of their existence. Distinguished men are there, to be "doctored" with the university's honors. And fond ears listen while President Eliot sums up the achievements of these men, and the reasons why they



PRESIDENT ELIOT TODAY

are honored. This must be a proud moment for John Hay or Theodore Roosevelt, such is the way President Eliot does that summing. It moistens old eyes with disappointment in the probability that he will never speak such words to them in such a place. It fires the younger blood there with a rage to have earned the likes of such a commendation. Any one who has sat there as those old grads sit, knows

how it feels when President Eliot's voice and President Eliot's words find out his listeners' reason, and then their eyes with the nobleness in his sentiment and his motive. And years afterward the suckling A. B. of that hour will look back in his memory on that scene, and will recognize that whatever else had been his relations with his president, these then and there were his happiest and his best.



"THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO"

CANADA'S NEW SUMMER PLAYGROUND

By S. GLEN ANDRUS

IN pursuing their business the railroads of this country and of Canada do many strange and wonderful and even philanthropical things. Not the least of these is their persistent discovery and development of health and pleasure resorts.

From a hard-headed and purely business motive the railroads probably have done more to promote the good health of the race than have all the physicians. Cheap rates, the establishment of thousands of resorts where nature intended them to be and train service unequalled in the world have made the American people annual seekers of vacations which are the safety valves to their everlasting hustle and nervous bustle.

No sooner does a railroad push its way into a new country than trained minds are seeking means of developing its every possible resource. The traffic manager

follows close upon the heels of the immigration and industrial agent; the passenger department canvasses the situation for expedients which will cause people to seek various points along the road. The genius and enterprise of the general passenger agent will discover beauties and attractions in the very desert, where for centuries the cactus, the soap weed and the rattle-snake have held dominion over the brown shimmering sands. Nature's sanitariums hitherto unsuspected, are brought into the lime-light of publicity by the expenditure of thousands of dollars, so that in the end the receipts of the passenger department may bear witness to the wisdom of the financiers who ventured to lay the steel rails in advance of civilization, and hence of traffic.

But for the desire of the Grand Trunk Railway, for example, to increase travel



IN THE ROYAL MUSKOKA HOTEL GROUNDS, MUSKOKA LAKES

over its lines, who but the boldest hunter, the trapper or the fisherman would have heard of the Highlands of Ontario, or the Muskoka Lakes, where more than 50,000 people in 1903 renewed their strength? Think of 100,000 people in a few short summer months pouring in a steady stream in and out of the many lakes, bays and rivers and islands of the Highlands and the Georgian Bay territory, which previous to the efforts of a railroad were practically unknown. I have often wondered if it be national pride and jealousy that have kept so many people of the United States from becoming familiar with and enjoying the many matchless beauties of Canadian scenery. World-wide travelers assert that nowhere in the universe are there mountains to compare in grandeur and beauty with some of the Canadian ranges; in no spot has nature been more lavish with her rivers of beauty, her lakes of never ending charm, her forest retreats, or her game preserves. Nevertheless,

Canada is too frequently considered as uninteresting and devoid of natural beauty save for the St. Lawrence, which may be considered half American and half British.

This view of Canada is fast being corrected by railroads which like the Grand Trunk are spending large sums of money in telling millions of people south of the Dominion the attractions offered there. The Highlands of Ontario and the Georgian Bay region have recently been brought into prominence in all civilized countries by the project of the Grand Trunk management to build a trans-continental line of railway over 3,000 miles long from Quebec to Port Simpson at a cost of not less than \$125,000,000. Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk, and Charles M. Hays, vice-president of the company, are the men who conceived this greatest of railway building projects, with the exception of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and its completion will bring a new era to the High-



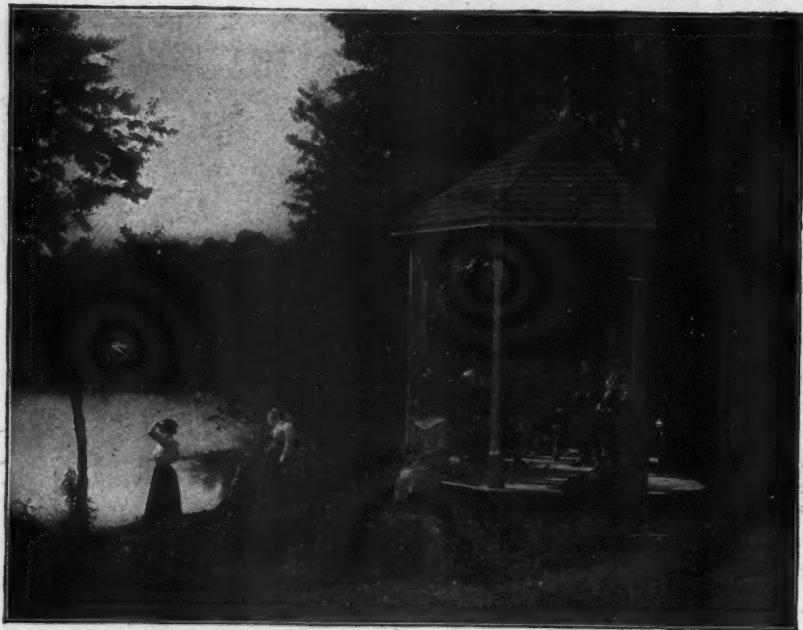
BATHING BEACH AT THE ROYAL MUSKOKA

lands of Ontario. The projected road will connect with the branches of the Grand Trunk running almost straight-north from Hamilton and Toronto to North Bay on Lake Nipissing at either the latter place or at Gravenhurst at the foot of Lake Muskoka. This will make the Highlands easily accessible from every part of Canada.

It would be impossible in one article to tell of all the phases which nature has presented in the Highlands of Ontario which now seem destined to become world famous. I will touch upon only one phase—the Muskoka Lakes region. Take your map and you will discover that the Muskoka Lakes with their many miniature islands are in fact what might be termed the inland extension of the Georgian Bay territory with its wonderful Parry Sound region and its more wonderful islands estimated to number nearly 50,000 and with full 30,000 charted. In general these lakes are in the heart of the Highlands, which has 10,000 square

miles of territory, with 800 lakes varying in size from mere pounds to sheets of water thirty miles in length.

Some of the districts of the Highlands are from 1,000 to 1,200 feet above sea level and 400 feet above the level of Lake Superior, the highest of the Great Lakes. The waters of this entire region are not bounded by swamps and lowlands and are either quick-flowing streams tumbling over rocky cascades and threading their way between deeply wooded banks or are lakes bright and deep, studded with islands and plentifully stocked with fish. Every one from the true sportsman to the society devotee find in the Highlands that which appeals to them. The diversity of attraction is the greatest wonder of the Highlands. Within this district are Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, the Muskoka lakes, the Muskoka, Muskosh, Moon and Shadow rivers, the Magnetawan river region, the islands of Georgian Bay, the Haliburton and Kawartha districts.



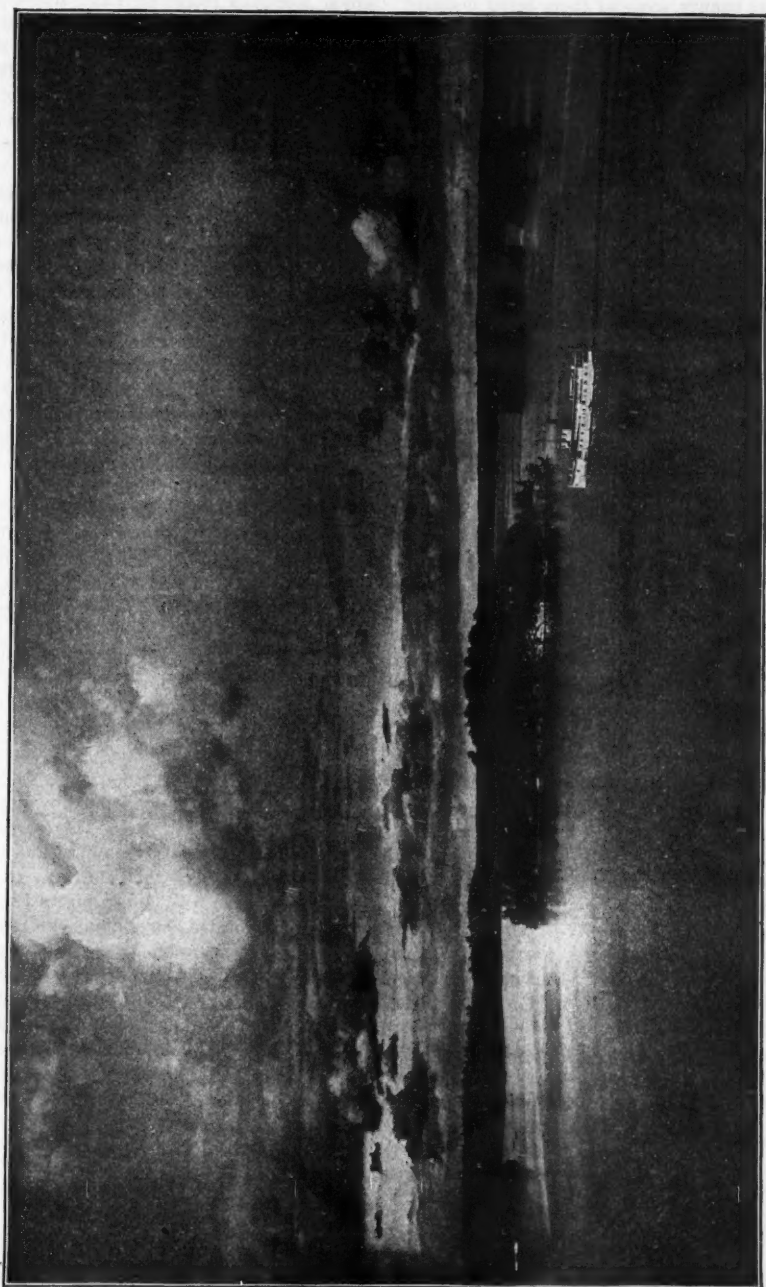
WATCHING FOR THE MAIL BOAT AT THE ROYAL MUSKOKA

The gate to the Highlands is really at the town of Orillia, eighty-seven miles directly north of Toronto and on a hillside overlooking Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching. This town has an interesting history dating back over 300 years and fraught with the traditions of the Hurons and the Iroquois, as is, in fact, the entire district of the Highlands. Almost straight north of Orillia is Gravenhurst and Muskoka Wharf, which are the entrance to the Muskoka region. The Muskoka, which is most generally known, consists of three large lakes which lie about 112 miles north of Toronto and are called Muskoka, St. Joseph and Rosseau. Muskoka is an Indian name signifying "Clear Sky Land," and like all Indian names, it is peculiarly appropriate.

Picture to yourself three magnificent bodies of water of sufficient extent to permit of a boat trip of fifty miles from north to south, one of the lakes having a shore line of over 400 miles and all possessing irregular banks, densely wooded

and often steep and picturesque in rocky scenery. Place in your picture between 400 and 500 islands varying in size from 1,000 acres to a mere blotch of earth and rock scarcely sufficient to home a lonely tree. Then dress islands and lake shore with a wealth of pine, balsam, cedar, birch, maple and oak, and lastly put in an ever-changing effect of light and shadow, a sunshine flickering through the foliage, a crystal sky and a clear and bracing atmosphere and you will have some faint idea of the panorama which nature unfolds in the Muskokas.

It is the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, untrameled by civilization—the Venetia of Canada. Not so many years ago the islands in the three Muskoka lakes were practically unpeopled in summer, except by a few campers. Now there is scarcely a patch of rock or ground poking its nose from the water sufficiently for occupation that has not its artistic villa or its aristocratic summer home. The islands are varied in



ISLANDS OF LAKE ROSSEAU, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

their beauty, some of them being massive with precipitous cliffs rising sheer from the blue waters of the lakes. In two days the complete circuit of the three large lakes can be made by means of steamers which ply regularly and the trip is one never to be forgotten. The variety of scenery presented is ever changing. At times you are in the center of a broad expanse of water; then the steamer sweeps the overhanging boughs as it winds its way in and out of the narrow channels between the many islands. Muskoka is the most southerly of the big lakes and is connected with Rosseau by a narrow channel and Rosseau is in turn connected with St. Joseph by a similar channel leading to the westward.

The variety of trips which may be taken within the lakes themselves is almost infinite, each excursion practically being an exploration in canoe or boat with Indian guide. In addition there is a world of exploration to be made in every direction into and through the Highlands with the Muskoka lakes as a center. At the head of Lake Rosseau, which is the center of the social life of the Muskoka region, is the Shadow river. It has frequently been pronounced the most picturesque river in the world. It takes its course between densely wooded banks ever curving and twisting and at many points is so narrow that there is scarcely room for a row-boat. On a still day when no breeze ruffles the waters, the shadow effects are alluring, charming and deceptive. Frequently you send your boat against the banks in the effort to avoid the shadow of the substance against which you plunge. During the entire trip you are greeted with a perfect riot of ferns, vines, brakes, flowers and trees. In no region that I know of can one get away so completely from civilization and still be within its very sound. From the

Royal Muskoka Hotel on Lake Rosseau, to the virgin wilds where the cry of the loon, the swish of the muskellonge, as he cuts the water, and the thrashing of the deer through the tangled brush alone startle you, is a matter of a brief trip in a rowboat. For example, start from Bala on the west side of the lake for a tour on the Moon river, which rises in Lake Muskoka and empties into Georgian Bay, near San Souci. For miles your boat glides along between wooded banks and moss covered rocks, and nothing is to be heard but the voices of nature. Occasionally you must enjoy the experience of a portage where the rapids are too swift and the rocks too many. At night you eat what you have caught in the stream or killed in the woods and sleep upon a bed of pine and cedar boughs, which is an experience in itself.

Disturbed only by the plaintive cry of the wildcat and gazing through the boughs at oceans of stars in a clear sky, you get about as close to nature as it is possible to get, and you forget that there is such a thing as a stock market or an office in a busy, bustling and cruel world.

About 117 miles north of Toronto is Burk's Falls, near which place rises the Magnetawan river—"Smooth Flowing Water." In this splendid Canadian stream, easily reached from Muskoka, has been opened up a new region to steamboat navigation. It is the centre of a veritable sportsman's paradise, and the lakes and rivers of this district can be traversed in canoes. The trip from Burk's Falls to Georgian bay, along the Magnetawan river, through Lakes Cecebe and Ahmic, with only a guide and a rod and gun for companions will furnish enough sport and excitement to last a twelve-month. Like the islands of the St. Lawrence, once the Highlands of Ontario enthrall you, you are their victim for ever.

ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

CENTERS OF WORLD INTEREST

THE triumphs of Peace and the triumphs of War are set in contrast just now in the eastern and western worlds. Japan, her armies pushing steadily onward, has driven the Russian outposts entirely out of Korea and is pressing the Russian lines along the Yalu river, separating Korea and Manchuria. In the West, Peace celebrates her victories of invention and energy at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition that opened its gates at St. Louis May 1. These are, for the time, the chief centers of world interest. On the one hand, foes fighting to the death for empire and glory; on the other, friends competing honorably and in amity for mutual gain.

Let us be glad that the spirit of this people is best expressed in the expositions of man's useful activities; that we have no need to take part in the war now waging beyond the Pacific; that our representatives in congress understand and respond to the national spirit by providing generously for expositions, which, beyond their commercial value, do a larger and better service in bringing the nations of the earth into peaceful rivalry with each other and make friends for our own nation throughout the world. The Jamestown exposition in Virginia and the Lewis and Clark exposition to be held in Portland, Oregon, should be and we doubt not will be liberally assisted by the federal government. The fact that neither is likely to earn a profit for its projectors is not a vital point. Public schools do not earn a profit either, save indirectly; like the public schools, these expositions are educators, and should be treated on that basis. The price of a single battleship is double what is asked from the federal government by either of the two expositions named, and certainly no one will deny that these expositions will be worth more to the country, in the spur they lend

to invention and commerce, in their educative aspects, and in winning friends for us among other peoples, than the price of many battleships.

THE NATIONAL FOR JUNE

The National Magazine for June will devote thirty-two pages to pictures of the wonderful and beautiful architecture and statuary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Walter B. Stevens, secretary of the exposition, and Edmund S. Hoch, assistant chief of the division of exhibits, will contribute articles on "HOW TO SEE THE EXPOSITION" and "THE CHIEF FEATURES OF THE EXPOSITION." These articles will help the average visitor to see the Fair in the easiest, most economical and thorough way; and those whose interest centers in some one or more special features of the Fair will be informed when and where and how these special features can be seen at their best. This feature of the June National will be an extra: the regular features of the magazine will be given at their usual length—"Affairs at Washington," "Timely Topics of the Stage," Kate Sanborn's book letter, "The Home," strong short stories and musical poems.

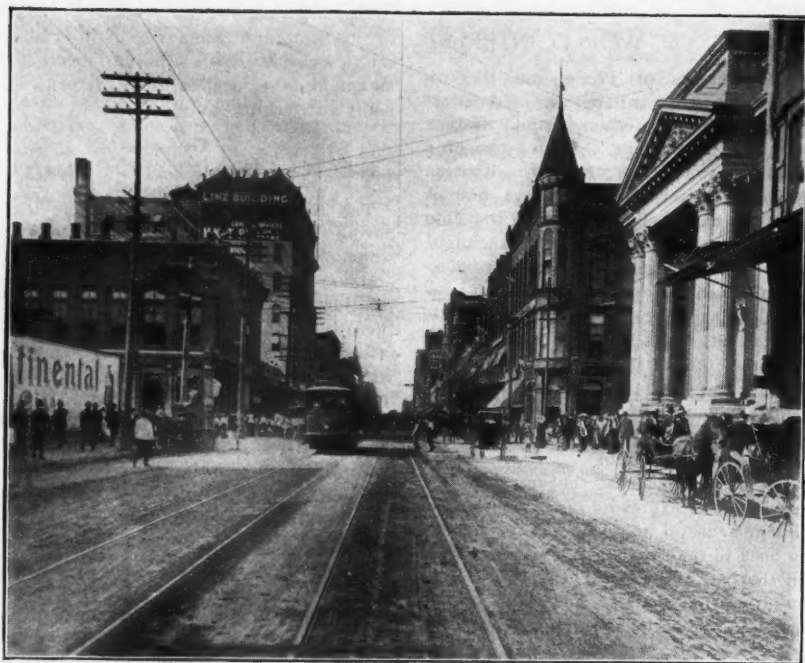
Other special features of the June National—signed articles—are:

"SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY," illustrated, by Charles M. Harvey, associate editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"MIND," the second paper in Michael A. Lane's series, "New Dawns of Knowledge."

"MODERN GERMAN LEADERS," by Poultney Bigelow.

"THE BOSTON ATHENAEUM," illustrated, by Mary C. Crawford.



MAIN STREET, DALLAS, TEXAS

THE CITY OF DALLAS

THE MANUFACTURING, JOBBING AND FINANCIAL CENTER OF TEXAS

THE city of Dallas is beautifully located on the east bank of Trinity river, about 500 feet above the sea-level, in the wealthiest and most populous county in Texas and is the central point of a thickly settled district comprising the famous "black waxy land belt."

The population as shown by the city directory is 75,415, and is very cosmopolitan, nine-tenths of it being white, and this character of population prevails in the surrounding country.

Within a radius of 100 miles is a population of nearly a million and a quarter; thirty-eight per cent of the assessed values of the state, thirty per cent of the railroad mileage and sixty per cent of the total number of business houses.

The climate is most salubrious, temperate and semi-tropical, with a rainfall

of from twenty-eight to thirty-six inches. January and February are the winter months, the temperature rarely going below zero and seldom above one hundred, owing to the trade winds from the Gulf, which make the night always pleasant.

No epidemic has ever visited the city, and rigid statistics for the past ten years show the very low death rate of eleven per 1,000.

The water supply is abundant and good. The waterworks owned by the city takes its supply from the river and has a present pumping capacity of 19,000,000 gallons per day. Artesian water is found in abundance. More than twenty-five wells have been sunk in the past few years, some of them flowing and all of them affording fine water for drinking and manufacturing. The city has just

completed an additional reservoir with a billion gallons storage capacity and is systematically perfecting one of the best waterworks plants in the South.

Dallas has more than seventy miles of electric street railway. Two electric light and power companies and one gas company with seventy miles of gas mains.

The transportation facilities are good, there being eight trunk lines of railroads radiating in fifteen directions with eighty passenger trains arriving and departing each day.

The completion of the Trinity river navigation improvements, now being actively pushed by the government, will give Dallas superior advantages as a manufacturing, shipping and distributing point by water transportation to the Gulf of Mexico.

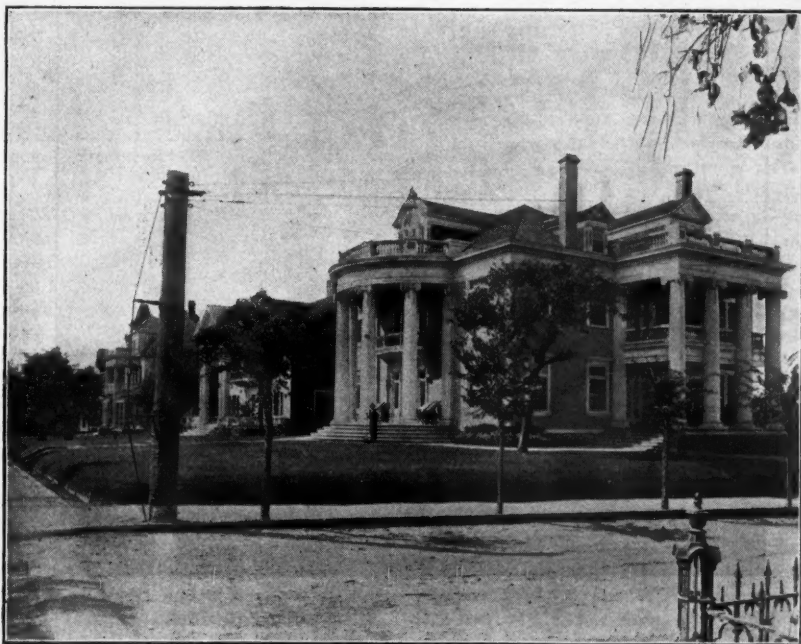
Dallas is the second largest implement, vehicle and machinery distributing point in the world.

Dallas has 395 manufacturing establishments with an invested capital of \$8,521,000, employing 4695 operatives, producing annually goods worth \$14,350,000.

Dallas postoffice business is larger than that of any other two cities of Texas combined, and larger than that of many cities in the country which greatly exceed it in population. Total receipts show an increase of 156 per cent. in the past ten years—money order department 185 per cent.; registration department 204 per cent. Four and one-half tons of second class matter are handled daily.

Dallas has the largest banking facilities of any city in the state, with deposits reaching more than \$14,000,000, and has been designated as a reserve city by the government. Taxes are low and the credit of the city A1.

Dallas is the largest publishing center south of St. Louis. Sixty newspapers and magazines are published here.



IN THE RESIDENCE SECTION OF DALLAS

Dallas has the greatest number of telephones of any city in Texas, having 6,000 subscribers and nearly 4,000 miles of underground wire, and is the center of long distance telephone business, the long distance calls averaging 1,200 per day.

The telegraph business is larger than any city in Texas.

The fire and life insurance companies have their headquarters for the state located in Dallas; all the state and general agents located here transact a large business with Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Indian Territories.

The educational and religious facilities include a thorough free school system (in which more than 8,000 children are enrolled), fifty-nine schools and colleges, embracing four seminaries for young ladies, a music conservatory, two medical universities, four business colleges, two boys' academies and two free kindergar-

ten schools; a handsome public library, well equipped; a Young Men's Christian Association building and other free reading rooms; sixty churches and every variety of social, literary, artistic, musical and athletic associations, besides benevolent organizations of every character.

The volume of wholesale business done in Dallas is over \$40,000,000 annually. It is the leading city in the United States for the manufacture of cotton gin machinery, as well as the manufacture of harness and saddlery goods. It has the largest wholesale dry goods house south of St. Louis, and the largest wholesale grocery house in Texas and the largest saddlery house in the world.

The character and appearance of Dallas' business buildings and private residences are equal to those of any city in the South. Dallas has Southern charm and Northern energy.

IN THE WHOLESALE DISTRICT OF DALLAS

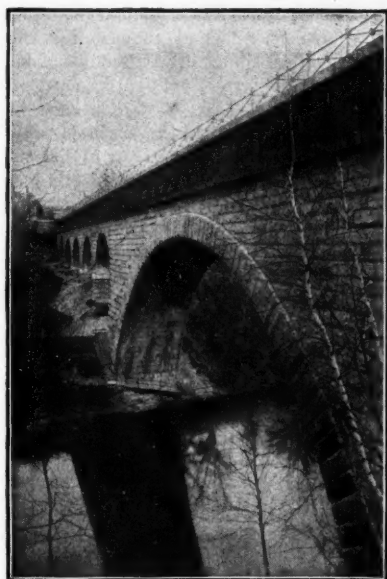


THE CITY OF NEWTON

AN IDEALLY BEAUTIFUL SUBURB OF BOSTON

By HON. JOHN W. WEEKS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. E. PHILBROOK



"ECHO BRIDGE," AN AQUEDUCT OVER THE CHARLES RIVER

NEWTON is best characterized as a city which has retained its village character. With Brookline it has come to be known to every traveller as one of Boston's show suburbs,—a city of homes which range high in valuation, of families whose heads either do business in Boston or who are employed by those who do go to town every day. Few people, however, realize that Newton in its character of today is by no means an old New England town. It is rather the city to which one is accustomed in the quicker life of the West, turned from its original use within the last fifty years.

Up to 1850, the growth of Newton was very slow indeed, and it was still at that time a farming community. Ordinarily, in New England, the history of a town would have followed the history of the growth of some industry founded in the

town. Dozens of places in this section have either become the cities they are or fallen into the calm which enfolds them according to the industrial growth or decay within them.

Newton was first settled in 1631, but the first permanent settlement was not till 1639. No census was taken, apparently, until 126 years later, when there were 1,308 persons in the town. At the beginning of the last century, thirty-five years later, there was a population of 1,491, a gain of only 183, or five-thirteenths of one per cent. a year. During the next fifty years the rate of increase of population was nearly five per cent. a year, so that in 1850, the census showed 5,258.

Since then, men have discovered the beauty of this rolling country, with its rivers and its trees. They have built in fifty years a clean, well watered, well lighted city, with the best of roads, model schools—and as a consequence, which earnest improvement societies in other municipalities would do well to read into a lesson, the most substantial modern dwellings. That means that the citizenship is of an unusually good character, which again has resulted in clean local government and unusual care in the expenditures of municipal money.

This rapid building of a country town into a suburban city has of course cost much money. Newton adopted a city charter in 1874, when its estimated population was 16,000 and the assessed valuation was \$28,081,445. In 1900, the valuation was \$57,638,720, and the population was 33,587, a growth in fifty years of eleven per cent. a year. Population and valuation since 1874 have increased in almost exactly the same ratio, but the debt increase has been enormous. In 1874, the debt was \$487,700, and in 1900 the gross debt was \$5,734,563. Some of the more important items which helped to build this debt were the establishment of a complete system of waterworks at a cost

of more than two millions, a system of sewers costing considerably more than one million, a school debt of half a million, a boulevard straight across the most picturesque part of the city which cost over half a million, and a widening of the city's principal street and separation of grade crossings at a cost of nearly another million.

In dozens of characteristics, Newton is unusual; compared with any other city these characteristics make it, collectively speaking, unique. The city itself covers eighteen square miles; it has fifteen villages and thirteen railroad stations. It is traversed east and west by three lines of street railways, and north and south by one line. Every village is connected with every other village by a steam line and, practically speaking, by electric trolleys also.

Newton is surrounded on two sides by the Charles river, and such manufacturing business as there is in the city is located on or very near the river, leaving nearly the whole of the city's area for residential purposes.

The mark of the modern-built city is the state of its roads and Newton is unusual in its development of this utility. When it became a city in 1874 there was not a mile of so-called paved streets in the city. In 1900 it had 136 miles of streets which were either macadamized or which had some other artificial surface, and this mileage has been materially increased since, while other cities in Massachusetts equalling Newton in population have on the average only one-third as many miles. Indeed, only three cities in the United States with less than 100,000 population can show as many miles of paved streets as this little suburb of Boston. The streets have paid advertising bills for the city; and besides giving great pleasure and comfort to Newton's own residents, they have called forth enthusiastic comment from all travellers.

The answers to three questions determine in most men's mind the desirability of any given city as a place for residence; they may also determine the city's wealth and public spirit. How about the schools?

What is the water supply? And the answer to the third—"Is the town sewered?" says whether it is a village or a modern municipality.

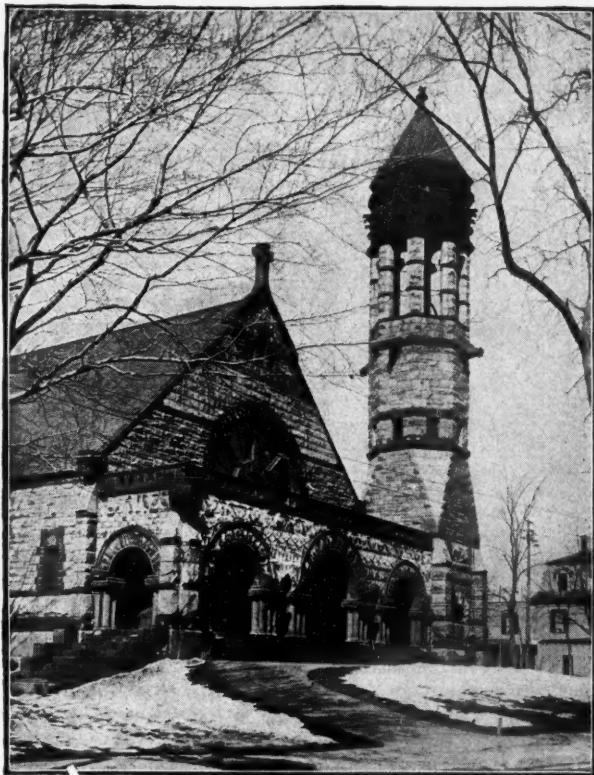
Newton answers the school question with the high school which accommodates 850 pupils, and grammar and primary schools sufficient to care for the entire school population—today about 6,000. There are 800 pupils now in the high school; last year, of a class of 127 graduated from the high school ninety-four boys and girls went to higher institutions of learning, nearly all of them to college, and in not a single instance was there a failure to pass the entrance examination to the higher institution where the student was passed as competent by our school authorities.

With the exception of two cities, Newton spends the largest appropriation per capita for school purposes in the United States. The appropriation for 1904 is about \$225,000; this means \$38 to each pupil, or \$5.65 per capita. Practically all the school buildings are modern structures; those now in use which are of wood are rapidly giving way to new school houses which embody every modern improvement. During the last seven years, the city has spent on the average more than \$100,000 a year in the construction of school buildings, although the increase in school population has in that time been less than thirty per cent.

As to water supply,—I believe there is nothing which is more satisfactory to the average citizen or the prospective settler than the condition of the water supply which has been established during the last thirty years. Providence has supplied the city with water as pure, chemically, as that furnished to any Massachusetts city. Newton showed its appreciation by building a reservoir holding four and one-half million gallons. This, by the way, holds the city's supply for about four days. To distribute this water the city has a pumping station and about 126 miles of water main. Newton had ninety miles of sewers in 1900, other cities of similar size and character in this Commonwealth averaging thirty-two miles

each. The mileage of water mains and sewers is explained by the fact that there are, in addition to the paved streets of Newton, about sixty miles of dirt roads in the city. The population being thus scattered, it follows that Newton is a very expensive city to maintain, every department of the city administration being thus affected. For instance, if Newton's

It may be because of the character of its original settlers or it may be because the character of its territory attracted men of public spirit; the concomitant facts are that Newton, having spent money freely has the results to show for every dollar of it and had, furthermore, a civil service system long before civil service laws were established. The sys-



ONE OF NEWTON'S BEAUTIFUL CHURCHES

population were concentrated, the city would need only one-half the police now employed for the protection of life and property interests. The same is true in the fire department; Newton spends practically twice as much per capita for its police force and fire department as other similar cities.

tem was not a set of rules but merely the ordinary common sense business methods of a common sense body of citizens. Almost unique in the history of American cities is the record of service of the heads of departments. This will be better appreciated when it is remembered that the average term of the mayors of New-

ton has been two years, notwithstanding which many of the city's heads of departments have served substantially its entire life as a city. As an indication of the tenure of office among the heads of departments at city hall, it may be stated that they have served an average of thirteen and five-sevenths years, although one of them has served but one year and two others but four years each. The longest service is that of the city auditor, who has served the city thirty-three years; this civil service record not only applies to employes in the city hall, but in the same manner to all city employes.

Furthermore, the question of politics has not affected the standing of heads of departments or any other employes in the city. It is probably a fact that, generally speaking, the heads of departments are republicans, as the republican party is largely dominant, but one instance will show that their appointment or retention is not governed by political conditions; this is the case of the former chairman of the board of assessors, a lifelong democrat, who served for more than thirty years, his term having expired and he having refused a reappointment in February, 1903. Further than that, in the



THE HIGH SCHOOL, A TYPE OF NEWTON'S PUBLIC BUILDINGS

For instance, in the highway department there are eleven men who have served the city more than thirty years and forty-five other men who have served the city between twenty and thirty years. It is well to notice that this employment has not been continued because the men are favorites of any administration or of the street commissioner, for as stated above, the administration changes practically every two years and all of the men referred to above have served the city from seven to twenty years longer than the street commissioner, whose service with the city has been thirteen years.

appointments of minor employes, outside of the civil service list, the politics of a man is never considered. In my five years' experience in city hall I have never heard the question of the politics of, for instance, the teamster or laborer on the street considered for a moment, and while I presume a large proportion of them are of the opposite party to the administration, I believe they would testify without an exception that their politics had never been questioned. In other words, in the employment of labor the best possible civil service conditions prevail; that is, an endeavor to obtain trust-

worthy, experienced men whose diligence warrants their employment without regard to other conditions or qualifications; and while nominations and elections to municipal offices are made by political parties, the question of a man's politics has comparatively little weight with the electors and it is greatly to the credit of the city as well as to the individuals elected that during its thirty years as a city there never has been a charge of pecculation or similar wrong-doing charged against any official elected in Newton.

Indeed, the people of Newton have properly taken pride in the character of the men elected to official positions. I believe that a board of directors of seven men could have been selected from the Newton board of aldermen, which is made up of twenty-one members, at any time during my service in the city of Newton

from 1899 to 1903 inclusive, competent to manage the affairs of any corporation in the commonwealth, not requiring unusual technical knowledge.

One of the best qualified men in the United States to speak on such a subject has recently stated that he considered Newton one of the best governed cities in this country. If a clean local government, care in expenditure of appropriations, pure water, almost unequalled schools, healthy surroundings, efficient police and fire protection, first-class transportation facilities, unexcelled highways (shaded so that the whole city is a park), a population of the highest average character, make a community in which it is desirable to live, there is no reason why the citizens of Newton should not be satisfied, or why there should not be a large increase over its present population.

NEWTON—A POETIC APPRECIATION

By STANWOOD COBB

O Newton, who thy charms can fitly tell!
Thy shaded streets, thy fair homes loved
so well;
Thy residential heights by art enhanced;
Thy simpler spots where Nature lies en-
tranced;
Thy ponds that bask beneath the summer
heat
And ring in winter from the skaters' feet;
Thy river where the summer idly floats
In gay canoes and sober-colored boats—
O place of pleasure noted far and wide,
Where is thine equal, charming River-
side?

So far has loving Nature done her share
To make the Garden City passing fair

That she has seemed to justly signify—
"Herein no busy factory wheels shall
ply,
No dust-blown mart this charming site
shall hold,
Its people be of no inferior mold."
And so the thirteen Newtons, charming,
all,
Laid out and grown to plan symmetrical,
Have come to be the home of those who
take
Culture for theirs and live for culture's
sake.

O may no footprints of a ruder race
Her paths of plenty and of peace deface.
Let others have their palaces and domes,
May Newton stay the city of fair homes.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

ON THE WAY TO JAMAICA

WHEN you read this think of us as somewhere on the sea between Boston and Jamaica. I wish I could send a wireless message to every reader of the National and tell just how the tourist ten are behaving themselves.

The good ship Admiral Dewey never looked more beautiful than when she lay at the Long Wharf in Boston harbor on the morning of April 9. The stars and stripes were flying at the masthead and her white sides and yellow smokestack made a touch of color intimately associated with the white squadron of the American navy. The ship is named in honor of the great admiral and I could almost fancy I saw his face greeting us in the gilt letters at the bow.

Yes, there were flowers; sorry to say there were some tears, too, but all are thoroughly good-natured and ready for a jolly time. From the number of these badges at the wharf it might have been supposed that the entire ship and several more of similar size were to be chartered. The blazing buttons with the motto, "Do you know Joe Chapple?" printed around a face—you may guess whose—and below a bar bearing the magic name "National Magazine," glistened in the sunlight and added to the brightness of the scene. What pleased me most, however, was not the badges arranged by our office force but the sprinkling of American flags which so many carried on this occasion ready to wave adieu as we steamed out for our five days' sail to Jamaica, the land of bananas. It would have furnished Thackeray a study in psychology if he had witnessed the expression on the various faces as each tourist was made known to the rest of the band. I can only speak for myself when I say that if there ever were ten people who immediately, without form or ceremony, quickly made friends with each other it was the tourist ten as they clasped hands for the first time within the precincts of the National Magazine office.

The cameras clicked on the wharf, and the snapshots came with the rapidity of a gatling gun in good working order. Many excellent pictures of people trying to look pleasant in the final chase after baggage or suit case will doubtless be handed down to posterity.

We have promised to write often and will keep our word, but now that we are fairly out to sea, I begin to think of the mischief that lurks in all human affairs. "All is not gold that glitters," and I remember in the sad light of past experience, that there may come an hour in the gray dawn of tomorrow morning when we shall know just how poor Mark Twain felt when the "up and down motion" had created such an internal vacuum in his mortal frame that he felt "as though he should throw up his immortal soul."

Now, while we are gone I hope that our good readers in all parts of the country will not forget us. It was suggested by the "Ten," as they laid out long lists of subscribers that during this month while we are away all the other subscribers to the National should endeavor to send in at least one new subscription, and both the name of the sender and the subscriber will be engrossed upon a parchment, to be presented to us on our landing from the West Indies. And you need not be afraid of making the list too long. Each one of our old subscribers who responds to this request will be sent a souvenir of this trip. As has been previously announced, our goal is the million mark, and you all know that the fundamental strength of a magazine lies in its subscribers. Will you not add your mite?

Now another point. The National has without doubt some of the best advertisers that ever did business with a periodical. They want your business, and they deserve it. If any advertiser in the National Magazine offers anything you want, write to him about it and mention the name of the magazine, and you will do much for us.

NOW FOR PARIS AND LONDON

The successful working out of our trip to the West Indies has encouraged me in the desire never to take a long trip hereafter unaccompanied by subscribers to the National. So now I intend to give others of our National family a chance, and I hope to take five subscribers with me to London and Paris. The only condition is that these five shall each secure 200 subscriptions, on each of which they will receive the regular 25 per cent. commission, and in addition to this I want each one to write a thousand-word story of how these 200 subscribers were secured, giving incidents of the work, humorous, pathetic and otherwise, and the business system employed. What I am after is information—ideas about how to keep up the determined march toward the million. Just here I may say that it so happens that no one of the ten chosen to go to the West Indies at all anticipated such a decision, which goes to prove that ideas come often from unexpected sources, a fact which ought to encourage the most faint hearted.

Now if you are not interested in this proposition yourself, have you not a young lady or young gentleman friend for whom you would like to procure a trip abroad by passing on the suggestion to them? It is not a difficult matter to do. Just secure 200 subscribers. Start right out on the campaign now, determined to get those subscriptions in such a way as to furnish an interesting, thrilling and dramatic little story for the National. These stories will represent every phase of American life, and doubtless will prove most acceptable reading. Now for the subscriptions! Give us a jolly view of American life as seen by the canvasser. We shall thus get closer and closer to the people whom we are trying to serve.

Remember to send in your name at once and announce yourself a member of our "200" club.

Church or other societies can work together to get the 200 subscriptions and then

select one of their members to take the trip—putting the \$50 of cash commissions into the society treasury.

ADAM AND EVE,—HISTORY OR MYTH?

Almost any keen observer of the trend of thought today is impressed with the well-defined reaction against what is commonly known as "realism" and "rationalism" in religion. This is not altogether a relapse to those dogmas of a century ago that have been so assiduously assaulted by the "higher criticism" of late years. This movement is not in reality a reaction, but rather a new light upon the subject, which not only appeals to the logic and reason of the best developed minds of the times, but also helps to preserve that sweet and subtle emotion which ever exists in the breast of the more ordinary mortal, and is shown in a clinging to those beliefs which have stood the test of centuries, and which our forefathers revered. It has been quite the "fad" for some years past for the ardent champions of higher criticism to controvert—if not to sneer at—the Biblical stories, looking upon them as a mere bundle of myths, though some have been considerate enough to describe these beautiful chronicles as "allegories."

In all this religious discussion there is, perhaps, no American who occupies a more prominent position than does Dr. L. T. Townsend, D.D., of Boston, and his recently written work, "Adam and Eve,—History or Myth?" is sure to create widespread interest, not only among church members, but also in the minds of all reasonable and logic-loving people. Dr. Townsend brings to the work a perfect mastery of the English language as well as the fruits of long and painstaking research through the works of prominent thinkers of the present day, both in science and religion.

In this book are carefully interwoven the most startling deductions from geological facts, illuminated by the writer's strong common sense. He points out

that "there are some things bearing on the subject under discussion that are not myths." "A first man is no myth; evidence of the unity and common origin of the human race," the heading of the following chapter in which is clearly treated the proofs of the comparatively recent origin of man.

Deriving his facts from many sources in the most impartial manner, Dr. Townsend shows that the appearance of the human race on this earth could not have occurred until after the ice age, so that, "There stands the assured fact that man's arrival on earth was not much, if any, earlier than the historic dates given in the Bible," and goes on to prove by a mass of well-arranged facts that there were indeed "giants on the earth in those days," strongly assailing the Darwinian theory of evolution, since the race from the earliest times has not, he argues, advanced physically, as shown by geological and archeological science.

To Dr. Townsend this work has been a labor of love, but yet every line is fraught with his determination to get right to the bottom of things, and in his elaboration of conclusions based upon all the various evidences of the past he has satisfied this writer that Adam—dear old Adam—actually existed and was the first man. I confess that I took up the book a "doubting Thomas." One evening with Dr. Townsend's book tore asunder forever the veil of doubt, and I felt once more the deep-rooted and satisfying conviction of the eternal verity of Holy Writ. There will doubtless be thousands who will not agree with the conclusions presented here, but no more is needed than to say that Dr. Townsend's book has only to be read in order to be appreciated.

It may not be generally known that in the last few years some ten or twelve of the leading scientists and philosophers of Germany have swung around from Darwinism and the naturalistic doctrines of Hæckel to a more evangelical line of thought. The same is true in England, where Professor Beale and Lord Kelvin have announced conclusions which ring with the Biblical research of today.

The National offers this book at \$1 per copy.

MARK HANNA: HIS BOOK

Concerning the initial publication in our book department, "Mark Hanna: His Book," we feel that little need be said to the readers of the National. I may confess at the outset to a deep seated love and admiration for the man, and this book is brought out with the feeling that every admirer and lover of Mark Hanna will desire to own a copy. The volume contains the only contributions he ever offered to any periodical, and which are the beautiful summing up of his life work and purpose, written so short a time before his untimely demise.

The two volumes, Dr. Townsend's "Adam and Eve" and "Mark Hanna: His Book," are uniform in binding, size and style, and are worthy of a place in every library.

THRIFT OF THE ORIENTAL

As I stood in the lobby of the First National Bank of Boston the other day I was much interested in a sign in Japanese and Chinese characters in one of the windows. This bank has made a speciality of Oriental business for some years past, and to see the Chinamen industriously reckoning their money by means of the kindergarten slate is like a leaf from the misty past.

It is like a revelation to hear of the amount of money that is earned, saved, deposited, and afterwards sent from this country by the workers from the East. The laundry pennies are collected and sent across the Pacific, and mount up to large sums. This bank seems specially acute in acquiring a knowledge of Oriental financial methods. In fact, the business is so well developed at this time that it scarcely requires anyone speaking other than English to handle this large Oriental trade. I was impressed with the fact that there is one universal language which is understood everywhere, and that is figures. All the Oriental methods seem to be exactly the



THE LATE MARCUS ALONZO HANNA OF OHIO

Whose writings for the National Magazine have been published in book form, with the title, "Mark Hanna: His Book," by the Chapple Publishing Co., Ltd., 944 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, U. S. A. The volume contains Senator Hanna's papers on "William McKinley as I Knew Him," three in number; his widely discussed paper on "Socialism and the Labor Unions," and an introduction by Joe Mitchell Chapple. The volume is handsomely made, a worthy memorial to the late senator, and contains all that he ever wrote for publication. It will be sent postpaid to any address for one dollar.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

reverse of our own, yet it is wonderful to note the celerity with which these new comers adapt themselves to American methods under the magic stimulus of accumulating money. There is a lesson for Americans in the thriftiness of the Chinese, and the officials of the bank praise their accuracy and report few errors and but little trouble in dealing with this large volume of foreign business. These strangers seem to know exactly what they want and how to get it.

During the past month it is said that there has been a large amount of money sent by the Japanese to the home

country, and it was truly inspiring to see them addressing their drafts with an expression of pride and happiness on each countenance that betokened a happy optimistic belief in their ability to earn more money to replace this gift, mingled with the joy of helping their native land. As I left the bank I found myself musing on this deep rooted love of country, and asking once more the familiar question,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

THE NEST OF THE PARTRIDGE

From a photograph by H. C. Reed, Rockland, Maine





"YOU ARE HIT, SERGEANT?" "YES SIR."

One of Verestchagin's paintings done in the Philippines, where he followed the American soldiers into the field to study his specialty.



A PRINCE OF CHINA ON THE PIKE AT ST. LOUIS

The Emperor's nephew and World's Fair commissioner sketched from life for the National Magazine on the opening day